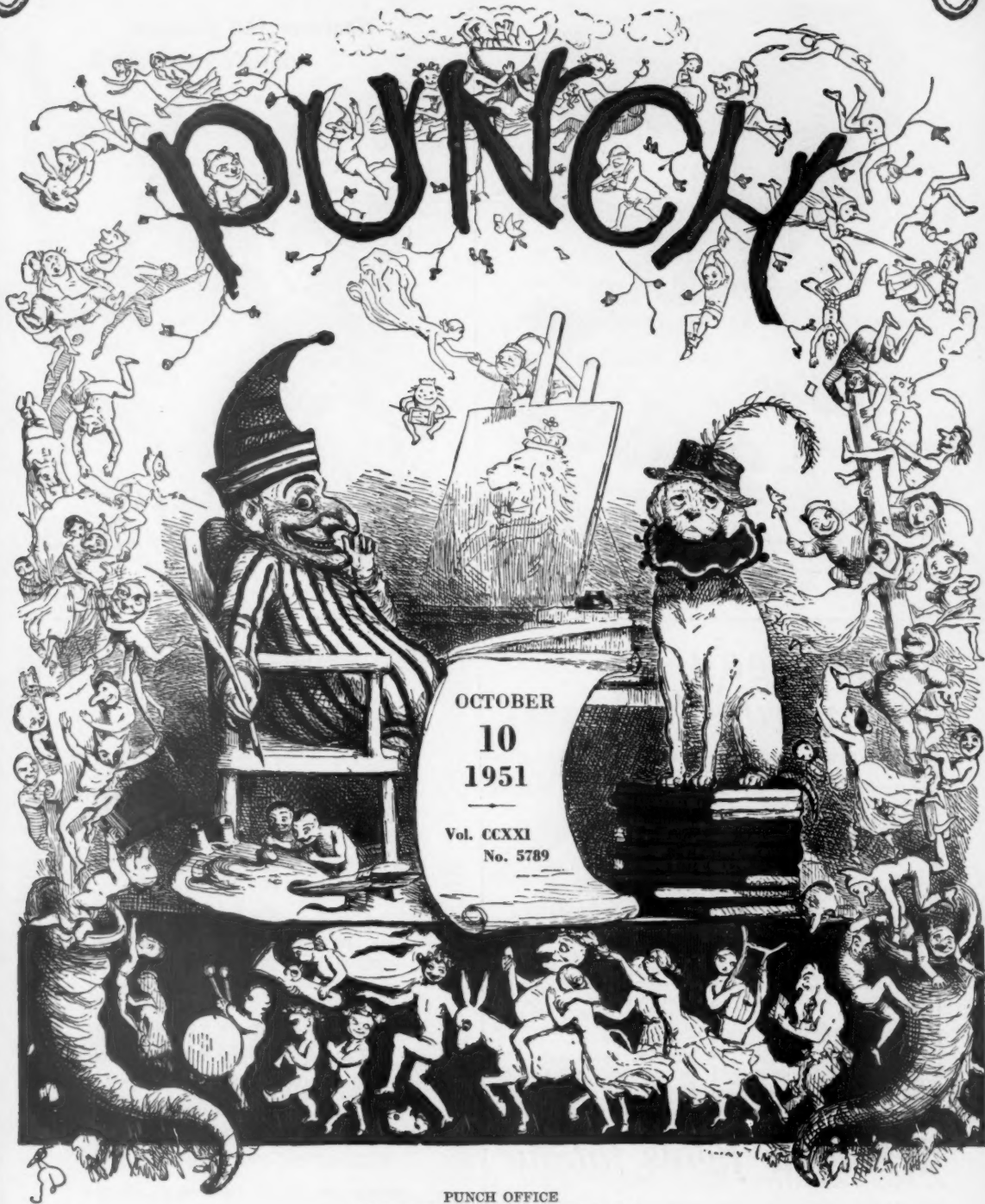


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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10 1951

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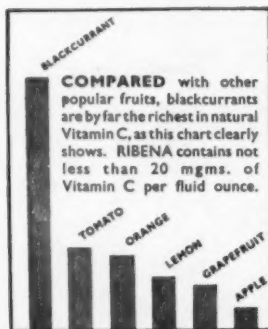
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Everybody needs Ribena

RIBENA is pure blackcurrant juice with cane sugar, fruit sugar and glucose. It is exceptionally rich in natural Vitamin C. The body cannot store Vitamin C—so take two glasses of delicious RIBENA daily, and stop feeling tired.



HIGHLY CONCENTRATED

Take two glasses daily with hot or cold water or soda water. Kiddies love it with milk or ice cream.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD says "A good supply of Vitamin C will make all the difference between that dreaded feeling of exhaustion so common today and a feeling of exuberant good health".

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Ribena VITAMIN C *fights fatigue*
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3/3d. FROM ALL CHEMISTS, STORES AND GROCERS
MADE BY CARTER'S OF COLEFORD

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Player's complete it



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Shares in the Westbourne Park Building Society are the ideal form of investment.

They yield **2½%** Tax paid by the Society

No depreciation of capital, no initial expenses. Withdrawals at short notice. For investment Brochure, write to the General Manager.

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PARK**

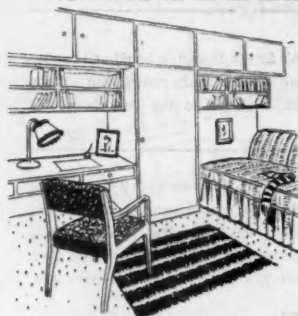
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Assets £18,500,000 Reserves £1,380,000

Should children have private lives?

The answer is always 'Yes'—and more especially so as they grow older and develop their personalities. Far better to recognise their natural urge for freedom and self expression—to give them a room of their own where they can read the books they like—uninterrupted by father's favourite radio comic; write long heart-felt letters; listen to Britten or Bebop; entertain their friends and dream their dreams. A quite ordinary sized room can easily be transformed into a comfortable one-boy or one-girl flatlet, like the one shown here. The secret is



built-in furniture designed by Chippendale's Workshops—and the price is modest for such a sound investment in family harmony and the future happiness of the children. Write for your free copy of "The Art of Spacious Living"—a booklet showing the wonderful possibilities in built-in furniture.

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for CHILDREN

**CHILPRUFE
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The HOOVER

DOES SO MUCH MORE THAN ORDINARY VACUUM CLEANERS

... BY REMOVING
DEEP-TRODDEN-IN GRIT
IT MAKES CARPETS LAST LONGER

EVEN old-fashioned, out-of-date types of cleaners can remove surface dust. But that isn't the dirt that wears out your carpets. It's grit that does the damage.

Tiny pieces of grit are brought in on your shoes and get trodden down right into the carpet where they cut the pile. Only the "Hoover" has the gentle beating action, and this easily removes even the most deeply-embedded gritty dirt. That's why the "Hoover" makes carpets last longer. By sweeping, too, it keeps carpets fresh and colourful—gives that "new-brushed" appearance.

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This is the exclusive Hoover Agitator which gently beats the carpet on a cushion of air, and so extracts the damaging trodden-in, gritty dirt.



Ask your Hoover Dealer to show you the full range of latest models, prices from £14.14.0 (plus purchase tax £7.7.0) to £22.5.0 (plus purchase tax £11.2.6). Tools for Agitator models extra. Hire Purchase available.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

The
HOOVER
REGD. TRADE MARK CLEANER



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

It BEATS... as it Sweeps... as it Cleans!



Sunshine at waking!

You're fresh as the morning when you wake from deep, untroubled Slumberland sleep.

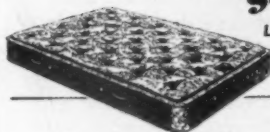
They're so comfortable, the new Slumberlands. The Ortho-flex springing in these non-utility mattresses gives you deeper than ever resilience, instant response to your every change of position. For this springing works on an entirely different principle. Every coil in every spring takes its fair share of weight, right the way through from top to bottom. So no spring gets strained—the glorious 'give' is unending.

When you sleep on Slumberland, all night long you are resting naturally.

There's a lifetime of better sleep in a

Slumberland

Look for the label,
it is your five year guarantee.



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GODDARD'S PLATE POWDER, world renowned for more than 110 years as the finest polish for silver. The choice of the connoisseur.

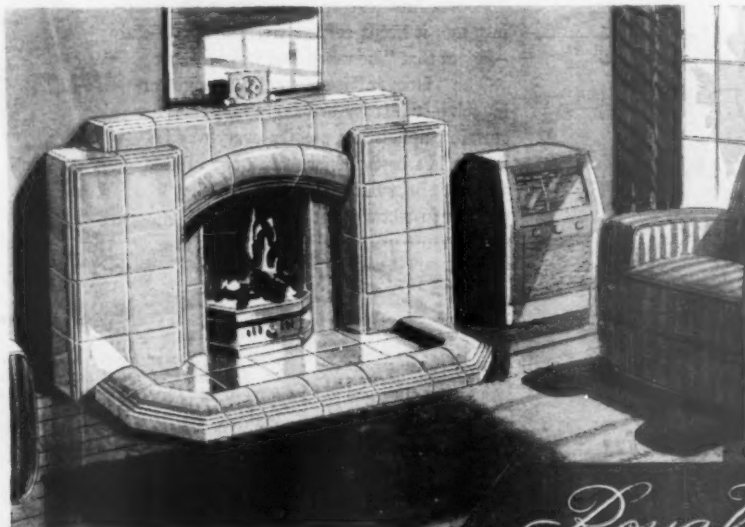


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Goddard's Silver Polishes



Bidding a silent farewell

... the Sunlight gradually fades,
leaving a memory of Summer days,
that passed all too soon, but here by
the fireside, basking in the warmth
of a fire that blazes in the heart of
our Royal Vention Fireplace, what
care we for the sudden chill of
Autumn, or the promise of Winter
snows to come?



Royal Vention

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but a wise and skilful

will knit in



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... a brand new jumper, gay as the day your friends admired it. That's the way Lavenda-knit woollics come out of tub after tub, always smiling.

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your doctor
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get a flagon of Keystone Burgundy, the robust, red wine that does you so much good. All the merits for which the doctor approves Burgundy are passed on to you by Keystone—the wine you'll thoroughly enjoy, for its heartening effect, and the way its clean wholesome flavour gives you new appetite!

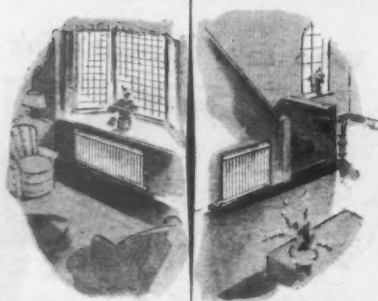


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No increase in price—still only
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The Autumn Collection
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in the new
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'MOTOLUXE' MOTOR RUGS AND FOOT MUFFS now obtainable in the home market.

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Now! A Shaving Cream that's "MENTHOLATED"

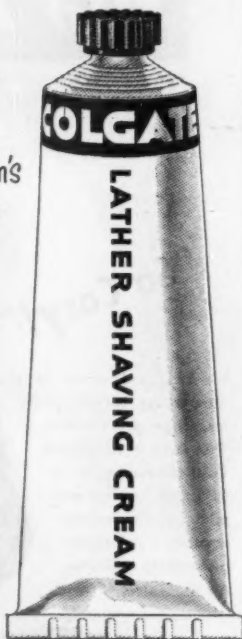


For
Extra
After-
Shave
Coolness

Colgate Lather Shaving Cream's
2-in-1 Tonic Action Gives You

**A SMOOTHER CHIN
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Agreed—there's not much pleasure to be found in shaving. But now, there's no need for pain, either. Think of it! No more jagged "pulling" while you shave. And none of that burning dryness or stinging razor rash afterwards. Why? Because Colgate Lather Shaving Cream, with its unique 2-in-1 tonic action, can come to terms with the tenderest skin. First, its richer, creamier lather gets right in and softens the toughest whiskers... makes way for a quicker, cleaner shave. Then, even before you've finished, you can feel the mentholated coolness of its new tonic ingredient hard at work... toning up your skin and refreshing your face with a cool comfort that'll last all day.



What Price
COMFORT?

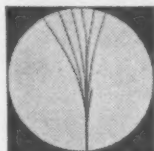
If in doubt, experiment with a trial tube of Colgate's (only 1/34) and use it daily until the tube is gone. Then see if its thick creamy lathers and mentholated coolness haven't given you the cleanest, most comfortable shaves ever. (Also in larger 2½- size)

**COLGATE
'MENTHOLATED'
Lather Shaving Cream**



4 reasons for liking Personna blades in this handy dispenser

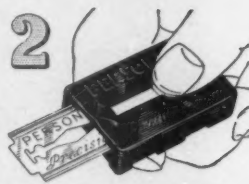
1



Micro-photograph from a
Pathé Pictorial film

Personna Precision Blades are hollow-ground so sharp that they can split a human hair into 7 separate strands

2



The Zipak puts a Personna Blade straight into your razor, unwrapped, untouched, ready for instant use

3



Zipak has a convenient underside compartment to dispose of discarded blades... It's neater... it's safer!

4

Costs no more. Ten Personna Precision Blades in the Zipak cost just 2/6... that's the price of the blades alone! So you are paying no more for more comfortable, longer-lasting shaves, and you get Zipak's extra convenience and safety free. Buy Personna in the faster, neater Zipak—today!

10 BLADES for 2/6
Also in packets of
5 for 1/3



PERSONNA
Precision Blades

Shave with Personna and you shave with Precision

"J.T.C.'s got his Lagonda at last... I'm absolutely livid! Of course I can get ninety out of my bus, too, but on his, what a different ninety! He let me handle her at speed, told me all about the difference between a car that's individually made and those which, he said, rather pointedly I thought, were, after all, 'off the peg'. I wonder if it's any good putting my name down? I think I'll enquire..."



The Thoroughbred
2½ Litre

STAND 131 AT THE
MOTOR SHOW

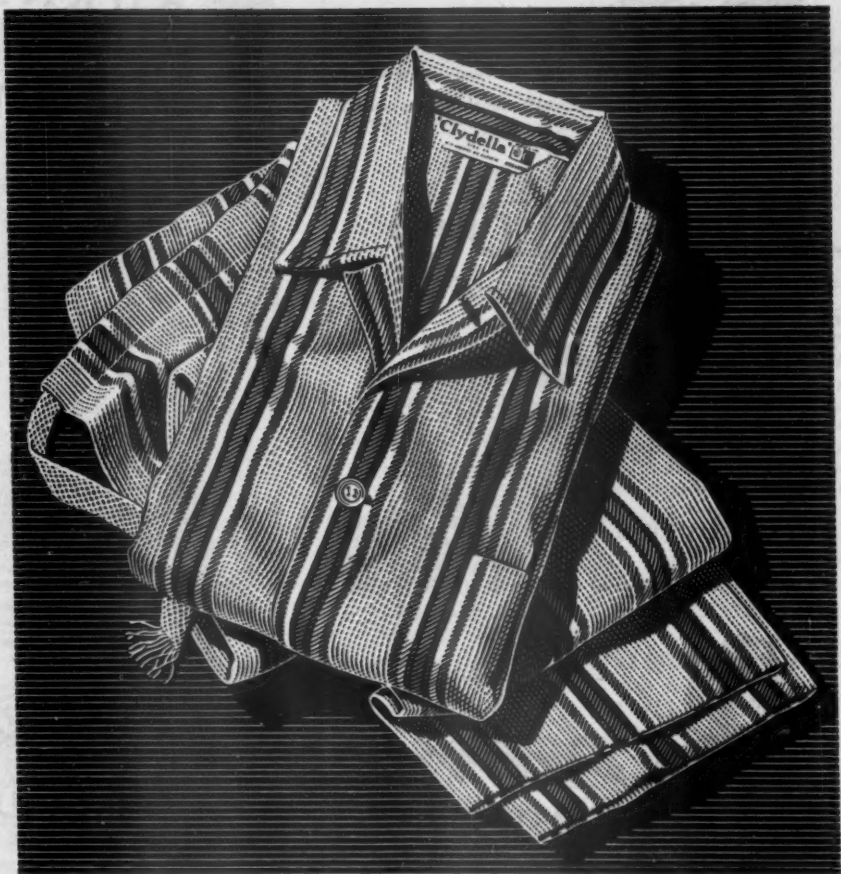
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'Clydella' lasts longer ~

*Through
the years
these men's
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Sizes 38 to 44 inches chest. Price 79/6 includes Purchase Tax.

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If it's an occasion...

one of the great days that happen just once in a lifetime... what better way to express all that you feel than by giving a fine Swiss watch?
... to make sure you choose a watch that will be treasured far into the years to come...

make it a
MOVADO
the highly prized watch

Why not a **WATERPROOF** watch?

FOR HER... the petite MOVADO 'Acvatic' shown above, also available with 'sweep' second hand as in the man's model.

FOR HIM... the 'Acvatic' model shown on the right. Both are anti-magnetic, with stainless steel waterproof cases.



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"perhaps the finest made"

Driway weathercoats and sportswear are stocked by leading stores and outfitters throughout the country.

BURNETT'S
WHITE SATIN GIN

*Smooth
as
Satin*



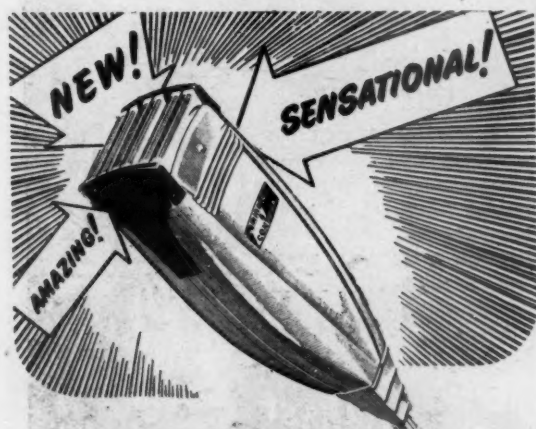
Maximum U.K. prices 33/9 per bottle; 17/7 half bottle; 9/2 qtr. bottle; 3/7 miniatures



*A proud little wife
and bigbly respectable,
His sbirt was her gift
which was **RADIAC**ceptable!*

T.29

McIntyre Hogg Marsh & Co. Ltd., London and Manchester



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ELECTRIC SHAVER
for the shave of your Life!

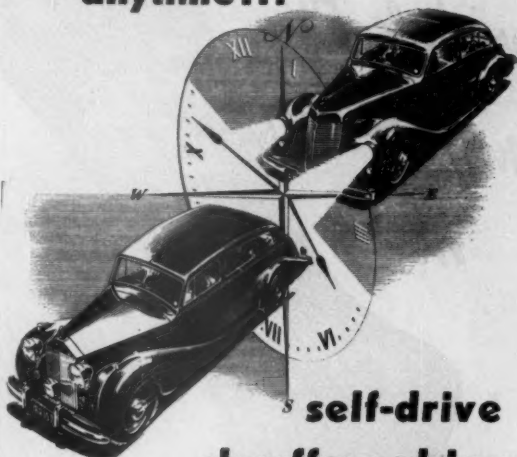
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value for
my money
in—

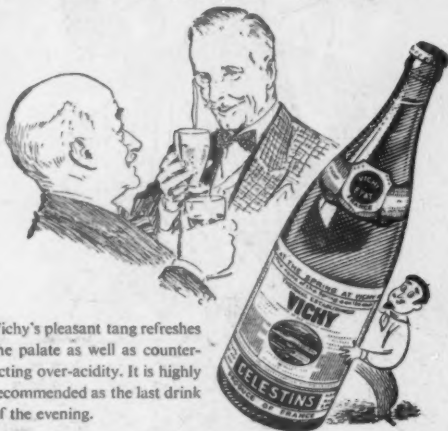


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heel and toe —
they never shrink

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7/9 a pair

Finish the evening with a 'VICHY'
and be bright next morning!



Vichy's pleasant tang refreshes
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1931/151

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- and so do we!

One of Sweden's traditional occasions for celebrating is Midsummer Day. Couples, dressed in colourful local costumes, dance round the maypole. By night the barns and halls resound with revelry and music. It is the time of thanksgiving and celebration, so natural to countries with long farming traditions.

Sweden has another good reason to rejoice. She has just successfully come through a very difficult period in her economy. For a long time she was starved (by force of circumstances) of the automobile products which are vital to her industries and to her way-of-life generally. However, over the past few years Sweden's international economic position has improved so much that last year she was able to lift the restrictions which so drastically reduced her imports. In 12 months alone, Nuffield exported over 100,000 vehicles to all countries, and overnight Sweden jumped into *third* place in Nuffield's list of customers! She was one of the biggest importers of Morris-Commercial vehicles and of Nuffield tractors.

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Purveyor of Cherry Heering
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CHRISTYS' HATS

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Men Only?

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MACANUDO

Jamaica cigars of quality

Made under the supervision of the proprietors of
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THE CRACKLE FINISH

VENUS

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'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

family television

BRINGS IT HOME TO YOU BIG AND CLEAR



CHARIVARIA

NEWSPAPERS have again been giving space to the demand for a coin worth three-halfpence. What's wrong with the shilling?

"In this story Belvedere goes on a lecture tour to tell America 'how to be young at seventy.' To prove his point he passes off his age as over the six score and ten mark, and jollies up the inmates of an old people's home."—*Picturegoer*
Isn't that rather overdoing it?

A French journalist writes that on his return to London after four years he was surprised to find that there was still a queue outside the local grocer's shop. He was hastily assured, however, that it was a different one.



A bone flute thought by archaeologists to be over two thousand years old was dug up during excavations in Central Asia. And any day now the Third Programme will be digging up a composer of the same period.

"Amersham.—Unusually attractive Modern Residence, of mellow red brick and tile construction... Garden of considerable interest with rare trees and shrubs, tennis and croquet lawns, etc., maintained with a maximum of labour."

Advt. in "Bucks Herald"

All right—don't rub it in.



A cinema critic says that members of the Italian film industry have a great admiration for British productions. Even the Ranks of Tuscany can scarce forbear to cheer.

"'I can only give a personal view,' he said. 'I am absolutely convinced that world peace can be prevented on the basis of true Anglo-American understanding.'"

Scarborough Evening News

Let's bring the Irish in and make sure.

New York dieticians are pursuing research into the effects of the weather on the appetite. A visit to this country should give them an idea of what a belt of low pressure really means.



DOUGLAS

GUNBOAT SCANDAL

HEARING that the Liberal Party (I think it was) would immediately, if returned to power, send gunboats up all navigable rivers in the Middle East and blow the natives to pieces, I rang the Admiralty to get the facts.

"Hallo there," I said. "How many gunboats have you?"

"Gumboots?"

"No. If I had meant gumboots I should have said 'pairs' and rung the Ministry of Supply. Kindly press the receiver firmly against your good ear and pay attention."

"Who is this?"

"A ratepayer. How many vessels have you capable of enforcing law and order in the upper reaches of the Yangtze?"

His reply showed me that I should have to be more explicit. "It is a question," I explained patiently, "of floating votes—V-O-T-E-S, votes; if I had meant docks I should have rung the Harbour Board, using the code-word 'Nettle.' People are not going to support a policy without knowing that there is the necessary force to back it. Naturally, nobody wants to blow natives to pieces—"

"Of course not, old boy."

"—with indifferent or obsolete weapons. So I ask you again, what have you got to do it with?"

"Gatling guns," he said, and rang off.

Far from satisfied with this reply—I made inquiries in another quarter. The astonishing fact emerges that we have *no gunboats at all*. So much for political honesty and plain dealing. One has only to apply the touchstone of truth, and in the twinkling of an eye all these vague promises about giving the Baluchis a whiff of grape disappear into thin air, like so many ambushed Dervishes.

How different was the situation in 1890 when (I see from the Navy List of the time) we had one hundred and fourteen gunboats, with a draught of only four feet and capable of carrying an armour-piercing gun of eighteen tons or more. Forty-three of these, it is true, were described as third class and reserved for coastal

defence; but even so Lord Salisbury was able to send a round dozen of the better sort up each of the rivers Tigris, Irrawaddy, Ganges, Zambezi and Hwang-Ho, and still have three or four in hand in case of any hint of trouble on the Nile. I don't say he did—he was able.

I blame Gladstone, notoriously ignorant about navigational problems in shallow waters, for starting the catastrophic decline in our gunboat strength during his Liberal Administration in 1892. But that is beside the point. What I am getting at is that it seems hardly fair to buoy the electorate up with all this brave talk about non-existent vessels. It is precious near what the Houyhnhnms called 'saying the thing which is not.' I put this point to one of my candidates when I rang him up to protest, but I did not get much satisfaction.

"Look," I said, wasting little or no time on preamble, "why do you keep harping on gunboats? There aren't any."

"Harping *where*?" he said.

"On gunboats. In eighteen-ninety—"

"One moment," he said. "You accuse me of harping?"

"I do."

"On gunboats?"

"Certainly."

"In *eighteen-ninety*?"

"My whole point is—"

"But I wasn't *born* in eighteen-ninety," he cried triumphantly, and rang off.

I made up my mind that I would give my other candidate no chance to evade the issue by this kind of chicanery. I had my question all ready for him the moment he answered the phone.

"Is that you, Charles?" he asked, before I could speak.

"No," I said.

"You heard about Violet Bonham Carter calling the Prime Minister a refrigerator?"

"What of it?"

"Well," he said, "my refrigerator makes a clicking noise when it gets overheated. So I thought if I started off to-morrow night 'A certain lady has been good enough to compare Mr. Attlee' and so on and so on and so on, and *then* say 'If she had paused to think a moment before plunging headlong' and so on and so on and so on—"

"Listen!" I said, raising my voice a little above normal. "Are you or are you not in favour of blowing the natives sky-high?"

The question seemed to amuse him. "Only *after* they've voted, old boy," he said, chuckling; "only *after* they've voted."

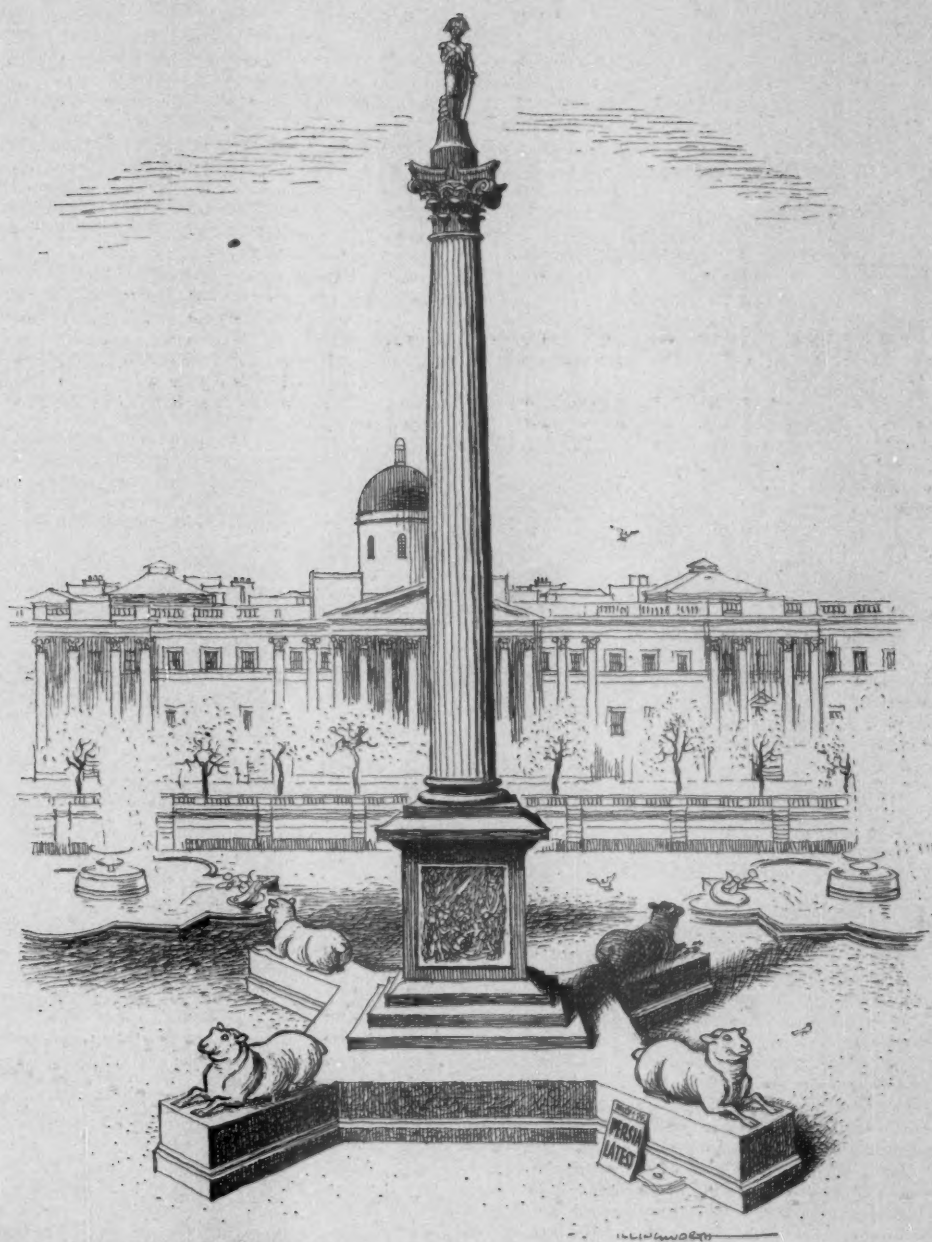
I put down the receiver and sat for a long time with my head in my hands. I had no heart to ring up anybody else. Is there no one in the whole country, I asked myself, who will take this gunboat business seriously?

I had forgotten the newspapers, of course.

H. F. ELLIS



"And don't forget that, whether you adopt me or not, my face will be on every poster in town."



VIEW FROM WHITEHALL



"No, no, I couldn't deprive you."

THE ELEMENTARY LATIN

IT is a commendable trait in Latin textbooks of the junior sort that they give a picture of domestic life in Ancient Rome which is denied to us by such contemporary records as have been preserved. These latter emphasize the disadvantages of being socially prominent when the proscription lists were made out; but they do not show us, for example, a Sullan legationary by his own fireside when helmet removed and corselet undone, he recounted the day's slaughter for the edification of his children. If we wish to know what went on in a normal Roman household—that, say, of Balbus, a foreman bricklayer—we must turn to the pages of a "Latin for Beginners."

The first thing that impresses us is the tangled emotional set-up. Balbus loves Julia. Julia loves Cornelius. Cornelius (rash, impulsive girl) loves the sailor. They all love the farmer. The farmer (a man, presumably, of rugged egalitarian principles) loves the queen. In fact a perfect agapemone. But this all-embracing affection does not prevent the recurrence of stirring scenes in Balbus's living-room, where, on a typical evening, we find Julia and Cornelius decorating the table, a task to which their energies have been devoted for a long time. To vary the proceedings, Julia decorates Cornelius with a rose. Cornelius, not to be outdone in this

display of sisterly feeling, decorates Julia with a fibula. At that moment the slave, whom nobody loves, enters to lodge a complaint.

"O girls!" he says, with that easy familiarity which will earn him a good beating one day, "the sailors have wounded me with arrows."

"The same sailors?" asks Cornelius, with a show of indifference. "The ones that wounded you yesterday?"

"That's right," says the slave. He adds, with an air of sly inconsequence, "Cornelius loves the sailors."

"You probably do something to annoy them," says Julia, pettishly. "Anyway, to-morrow it's your turn to wound the sailors."

The slave's reply is drowned by the noisy entry of the sailors, who have brought their anchor with them. The coast near Rome seems to have been infested with seamen whose professional duties never took them to sea. Their prime occupation, apart from wounding people, consisted of laying waste the gardens, an activity in which their depredations were rivalled only by those of the horsemen of the enemy.

On this occasion their mood is pacific. They decorate the table with the anchor. Cornelius, pardonably annoyed, wounds the nearest sailor with a spear.

"Oh!" says the sailor, sadly. "You wounded me yesterday."

Cornelius opens her engagement book. "Cornelius wounds the sailor with a spear," she reads. But at this point the sailors remember that they have an appointment to wound the farmer in the wood, and they depart in haste, pushing past Balbus, who has just arrived home.

"O Balbe!" says Julia, forestalling any awkward questions, "what sort of day have you had?"

Balbus, who is engaged in building a wall, has had a terrible day, and says so with Roman frankness. He complains of the manpower situation, saying that the slaves who ought to be helping him are all busy working on castra, a camp, and fossa, a fosse, and that there is a critical shortage (inopia) of materia (timber). However, he adds, there should be some good

contracts going soon, for down on the Forum they are saying that the queen will fortify the islands.

(A loud yell is heard from without, where the sailors have kept their tryst with the farmer.)

Since there is in these narratives no mention of food, it is to be assumed that either Balbus was too well-bred to draw attention to this omission, or that he was satisfied with a nicely-decorated table. The evening passes in animated discussion of matters of general interest. Cornelia, who is well-primed with naval intelligence, reveals that the sailors have many long ships.

"Who," asks Balbus, with some malice, "sails in the long ships?"

Cornelia frowns as she answers curtly: "The sailors sail in the long ships."

"Oh," says Balbus, with a simulated air of surprise, but further exchanges on this topic are prevented by Julia, who, ever an alarmist, opines that the enemy will lay waste the garden. All efforts to reassure her are in vain. Balbus tries to turn the conversation into less distressing channels by observing that trees grow in the wood. Cornelia, quick to take a cue, adds that trees grow by the seashore. Julia says that there are trees in the garden, and bursts into tears.

There is a knock at the door. The visitor is the general of the army, come to tell Balbus that the wall will not discourage the enemy. Having delivered this denigrating remark, the general orders the soldiers to lay waste the garden, thus realizing Julia's worst fears. Balbus, confronted with a situation beyond his control, retires to bed.

"Well," says Cornelia, "I suppose we had better go on decorating the table."

"I have a better idea," says Julia, forgetting all about the devastated garden. "Let's wound the slave with spears!"

"O goody!" says Cornelia, and the two high-spirited girls arm themselves and stand on either side of the door. Julia pokes her head out.

"O slave!" she calls, sweetly.

"I come," answers the slave.

Cornelia tightens her grip on the spear.

THE GASHOLDER

SUPERBLY functional, assured, austere,
 Soars the gasholder from the shadowed ground,
 Dwarfing to huddled hutches pre-fabs near,
 Whence at its buoyant bulk pale inmates peer.
 What mountain's uncouth crag can match its shape,
 Its nudity, whose innocence denies
 All artifice, adornment and disguise,
 Lordly above the fretted city-scape?
 So does a leader dominate the throng
 Of petty men. So also, cynics say,
 Rise not a few now notable among
 The rulers of our destinies to-day;
 For mark how comes that eminence to pass—
 An elevation due alone to gas.

W. K. HOLMES



AN ELECTION EXCURSION.

II.



WE know all about the candidates (if we don't, it is only a matter of days before their election addresses come plopping post-free through the letter-box along with the weekly ration of pools pulp). We know their faces and we know their records—how long they have been members of this and that, what are their hopes, ambitions and convictions, and what form their gratitude will take should they be elected. We know too that they are not lunatics, criminals, bankrupts, peers, clergymen, judges or Civil Servants, and by the same inferential methods we discover that we ourselves are not under twenty-one, are not criminals, lunatics or members of the House of Lords, and have not been omitted from the Electoral Register.

Yes, we know quite a lot about each local candidate, and by attending his meetings we can renew our knowledge. The chairman will tell us of course that the candidate needs no introduction, but this will not prevent him from cataloguing his virtues ("I first met Mr. —," he will say, "when I was senior regional controller of the —," and he impressed me as a man of sterling worth and high resolve. In many ways his career has echoed my own: I was born . . .")

We may, indeed, be lucky enough to be visited in our homes by one or more candidates. Mr. G. B. Craddock, who was elected for Spelthorne, Middlesex, in 1950, with a majority of thirty-one votes, is reputed to have visited seven thousand houses in the constituency during this campaign, but not all candidates, by any means, are as energetic or as peripatetic as this. Still, any day now we may open our doors to find a candidate beaming and booming at us. He will have our names pat, and we shall be flattered and grateful, so grateful that we shall probably allow him to go away thinking we shall vote for him.

We know very much less about the other *dramatis personae* of the election, the returning officers, election agents, sub-agents, polling agents and canvassers, all the people who enable the candidate to play *Hamlet* or *The Man of Destiny*. For a few minutes, then, let the limelight play upon the harassed features and multifarious activities of the election agent.

The law defines the duties and functions of the agent in terms that leave no doubt about his importance. He is the campaign: he is the candidate's and the local party

association's promoter, manager, trainer, chief second, accountant, and public relations officer. He is legally responsible for the proper conduct of the campaign and must account for every penny spent in support of the candidate. His budget is strictly limited: he, or the candidate, may incur expenses up to £450 plus three ha'pence per registered elector (in borough constituencies), and since the average constituency has about fifty thousand voters on the rolls there is rather less than one thousand pounds to cover all expenses, which include the agent's own remuneration, payments to sub-agents, clerks, messengers, speakers, printers and stationers, payments for hire of committee rooms, halls, postage, loud-speaker vans, cars, ribbons and rosettes.

The Representation of the People Act of 1948, and rising prices, have made it very difficult for agents to balance their budgets. Under the old system they were





allowed to spend fivepence for every name entered in the register, altogether about £1,500 in the average borough constituency. In 1945 the highest expenditure, £1,931, was that of the Conservative candidate for Kidderminster; and the lowest, £6, was that of the Independent candidate for Merthyr. In 1951 the agents have to study their purses carefully before committing themselves to expensive halls, speakers' posters and Press advertisements. All told, this election should cost no more than about £1,200,000 in campaign expenses, which is a trifling sum, if I may say so, compared with the £6,000,000 spent

name of the printer and publisher . . . and so on. Bearing in mind the number and variety of the guilty and corrupt practices that the agent must avoid it is not surprising that the political parties find it necessary to run schools of instruction for him.

The canvassers are soon dealt with; if they receive payment for their work they are guilty of "illegal employment"; and that goes too for bands and banner-carriers. Canvassers expect rebuffs, and get them. The most common forms of rebuff are (1) refusal of occupant (gloating at upstairs window) to answer canvasser's knock, (2) unchaining of dog kept at back of house, and (3) the terse comment "I shall vote by ballot, thank you very much!" followed by a smart slamming of the door.

The returning officers (the mayors of the boroughs and sheriffs of the counties; in Scotland the sheriffs in all cases), who are responsible for the organization and conduct of the election, receive no payment for their work. They give notice of the election, receive and scrutinize nomination papers, hold the candidates' deposits, circulate poll-cards, issue ballot and post-ballot papers, provide polling stations and ballot boxes, appoint polling and counting agents, conduct the count, declare the result, and draw their expenses through the

Treasury from the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom.

And what about little us, the bit-players, the voters? Well, we mustn't create disturbances at public meetings. If we act, or incite others to act, in a disorderly manner we are guilty of an illegal practice, and we may be fined up to forty shillings on summary conviction or be arrested without warrant by a constable. So no untoward heckling! An occasional "Bosh!" or "Balderdash" is quite enough.

And another thing—no treating! Section 100 of the Act states that a person is guilty of corrupt practice if he buys someone a drink in an attempt to influence his vote. Even a packet of potato crisps, I'm afraid, would be a pretty serious matter; so from now until October 25 I



advise you to go Dutch or let the number of rounds of bitter be exactly equal to the number of participants.

There is nothing to prevent your filling your front windows with photographs of a candidate, provided that your services go unrewarded; and there is nothing to stop your giving your family or a member of the household a lift to the polling station in your car, provided that the "member of the household" is somebody "spending the night before or after the day of the poll" under your roof.

It's all so simple really.

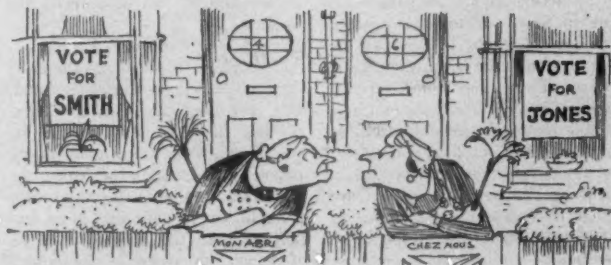
BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



at the cinema and the £4,000,000 invested in football pools every three weeks. A general election is one of the cheapest shows on earth.

The agent must at all times try to preserve peace among the helpers (feverishly addressing circulars, knitting, making cups of tea and blaming each other for the omission of the candidate's photograph from the Winnington Crescent envelopes); he must keep the candidate cheerful and optimistic in spite of ugly rumours and forecasts, answer the telephone, soothe unwanted speakers, open pockets, eat hurriedly and sleep little, answer the telephone, keep Colonel — off the platform, tell Mrs. — that she was marvellous, stay sober, answer the telephone . . .

He must be a mine of information on election law; he must ensure that the number of his cars (registered and placarded) does not exceed one for every two thousand five hundred voters, that all posters, bills, addresses and so on bear the





Hence, Horrible Shadow!
Cyrano—JOSÉ FERRER

(Cyrano de Bergerac)

AT THE PICTURES

Cyrano de Bergerac—He Ran All the Way

A PERFORMANCE rather than a film, *Cyrano de Bergerac* (Director: MICHAEL GORDON) succeeds in being, in its way, impressive; though I'm not inclined to take it so seriously as some people do. There seems, for one thing, to be quite a general feeling that the translation by BRIAN HOOKER of EDMOND ROSTAND's play is great and profoundly moving poetry, a view to which I do not subscribe. Skilful rhetoric, honeycombed with the lines of blank verse that are perpetually in wait for the man who sets out to do a bit of "fine writing"—that's what the piece is, considered as literature; but as an acting opportunity for JOSÉ FERRER it is great stuff. I don't think I'm being hypnotized by the fact that Mr. FERRER got an Oscar for this performance; his portrait of Cyrano really does seem to be acting of a kind sufficiently rare in films—as, for that matter, was his Dauphin in *Joan of Arc* and his South American dictator in *Crisis*. Those were comparatively small-scale characterizations; here he has room to spread himself, as well as to let himself go. Moreover the main subsidiary personages in the story, Roxane and Christian, are rather exceptionally colourless, so that Cyrano stands out all the more. One point—a minor point perhaps,

but it struck me particularly—is that by sheer force of acting he manages to brighten and make positively amusing the lumbering "jokes," the simple circumlocutory "wit," that are a convention of the costume piece (above all of the costume piece in translation). I don't remember seeing anyone succeed in this before. But once you get away from the central performance and consider the thing as a whole you have to admit that in spite of numerous ingenuities (the sudden revelation of the great nose, as a dramatic effect, by a turn of the head; the design of a small lighted movement at the bottom corner of a dark screen; and other purely cinematic devices) this remains a play, deliberately artificial in the way a play is artificial—most noticeably in the battlefield scenes. It would never have done, to be sure, to present it naturalistically, but colour might have helped the balance.

He Ran All the Way (Director: JOHN BERRY), on the other hand, is a real film. This could be summarized, and no doubt will be, in such terms as to keep away many people who have never learnt, or have forgotten, that the way a film is made can be infinitely more important than the precise incidents of which its story is composed.

It will be enough for them to hear that the principal character is a hard, pathologically suspicious gunman on the run—or rather in hiding—after killing a cop; that makes it easy—they don't like pictures about gunmen. The fact remains that the perfectly simple story is written, directed, acted and photographed with such freshness, skill and imagination that it is a keen satisfaction to watch. The basic formula, the terrorization of a household by an invading fugitive, is one that has produced good films before (*The Dark Past*, *The Small Voice*), but never I think has the situation of the ordinary family saddled with a savage intruder been better or more sympathetically shown. WALLACE FORD and SELENA ROYLE are very good as the harassed father and mother, and JOHN GARFIELD as the gunman and SHELLEY WINTERS as the girl who falls for him give real strength and humanity to what might have been just another suspense story.

* * * * *
Survey
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The French ones continue to take the honours among the London shows. *Edward and Caroline* (26/9/51) is funny and charming and will delight most people, and the brilliant *La Ronde* (16/5/51) is still delighting its rather more limited public. Best of the releases: *People Will Talk* (5/9/51).

RICHARD MALLETT



(He Ran All the Way)

Love Walked In
Peg—SHELLEY WINTERS

THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID

"YOU know, I couldn't help thinking you were a bit terse with her yesterday about the anthracite."

"Not at all. I just said, quite pleasantly, that if it's finished before next March, well, it's the end, that's all, because if we ask the fuel people for more before then, even if we go to them festooned with icicles and on our bended knees, they'll simply laugh in our faces."

"I think I'd have made more of a joke of it. You seem to be, well, somehow *distant* with her. I'd like to hear you chuckling away together."

"Well, goodness only knows I'm anxious enough for her to stay, and I'm perfectly prepared to chuckle with her from morning to night about almost anything if it'll do any good—and why it should I have not the *slightest* idea—but anyone who can chuckle over the fuel situation—well, they're simply not flesh and blood, that's all."

"Well, you know how appallingly difficult they are to get, and I do think you should really make a supreme effort to keep this one. Suppose—"

"How do you mean, 'this one'? Which of the last two would you have liked to keep—the one who wore trousers and kept singing 'Lover, come back to me' or the one who smashed the Crown Derby?"

"Let's try to keep quite calm. I'm simply saying that I hope she'll settle in her manner yesterday."

"And well she might, with you practically forcing your way into the kitchen like that, just when she was gathering herself together to deal with the shepherd's pie."

"I simply thought that after your—well, I'm afraid I must say your coldness about the anthracite, I simply thought that a friendly chat might cheer her up."

"And what did you chat about?"

"Well, it was the Tay Bridge disaster, as a matter of fact."

"You thought that might lead to a quiet chuckle?"

"Of course not, but I knew she came from Scotland, and I thought I'd put her at her ease straight away by talking about that. So I made some joking reference to the Loch Ness monster, and then, before I knew where I was, we'd got on to the Tay Bridge disaster."

"Well, you just made her burn the shepherd's pie, that's all. And by the way, must you, every time you go into the garden, pop your head round the kitchen door and say 'Out into the cold, cold blast'? I can see that she doesn't know what on earth to reply, and it's making her very tense."

"All I'm trying to do is to create a pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Here's this girl, far from her native land, in unfamiliar surroundings, among strangers. The first thing to do is to make her feel at home."

"And you think, for some reason, that she comes from a family addicted to obscure bellowings and interminable speculations about the Tay Bridge disaster?"

"I'm merely suggesting that if

only you'd be a little, well, a little *heartier* in your manner—"

"You mean, slap her on the back?"

"What I mean is this. You remember the night before last, when she came in at half-past twelve? Now, when you opened the door, you just said 'Ah, Brenda,' and there was an awkward pause until I came out and made some cheery remark just as she was going upstairs. Little things like that."

"As I remember it, you rushed out, rubbing your hands in the most extraordinary way, and positively bellowed 'Here we are again.' By that time she was nearly upstairs, and she turned round, came half-way down again and said 'Eh?' You replied 'I said "Here we are again,"' and she said 'That's right,' and the awkward pause seemed to me to come about there."

"Ah, well, anyway, we'll just have to do our best. I don't really see any reason why she shouldn't settle down perfectly happily. It's a peaceful home, at any rate."

T. S. WATT



"Was that bad language? Why, he's been saying that for years..."

THE NEW BROOM

"I'm the new messenger," said a friendly voice. Purbright looked up from his desk to see an elderly bespectacled face, the face of a cobbler in a fairy tale. "My job is to bring you papers, taking others away." "I see," said Purbright. "It's a little strange at first," the cobbler continued, shuffling papers in his hand, "to one who has spent the last forty years mixed farming and sheep shearing. I can play the harmonium and I have references from two Members of Parliament, but I have never had much to do with paper. My eyesight is none too good, but I have my health and I shall learn my duty." He backed towards the door. "I'm sure you will," said Purbright warmly.

Cranmer was the next visitor. "I was hard at work," he said, "and when I looked up the thing was empty. It hasn't been empty since the autumn of 1946. It looks odd."

"What looks odd?"

"My pending tray," said Cranmer. "I like the novelty of an empty pending tray if I have emptied it myself"—"Clear pending tray, clear conscience," said Purbright, nodding—"but not when it has been emptied by unknown hands. Suppose the contents have reached the desk of our respected superior, Strapfarthing." Purbright asked what had been in the tray. "Do you remember the time last summer," asked Cranmer, "when Strapfarthing said that the outer office was to have a new kind of record of stocks? Little coloured cards there were to be." "I do," said Purbright, his eyes straying to his own pending tray. "It was your idea, wasn't it?" "It was my idea,

yes," said Cranmer, "but there were details to fill in, and the papers have rested in my pending tray ever since." "Empty desk, empty mind," said Purbright, politely. He searched among his papers. "They're not here," he said.

Later in the morning Purbright came to a file more ancient than the normal run of in-tray file. He dusted it off and a saccharine tablet fell out. It was a copy of a proposal, involving little coloured cards, for a stock-record. He marked it "Cranmer" and put it in his pending tray, intending to take it to him at a convenient moment.

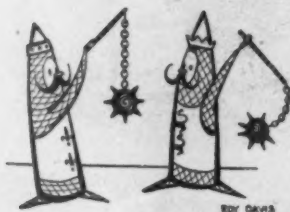
"Is there a new messenger, or something?" This was Strapfarthing. "Yes," said Purbright, "a life-time of mixed farming and sheep-shearing behind him." "I might have guessed it," said Strapfarthing. "The contents of my pending tray have been removed. That there was little in it you who work for me and know my ways will understand, but what there was I valued. Nothing unexpected has reached you?" "Not from you," said Purbright. "Ah, well," said Strapfarthing, moving to the door of Cranmer's room. "Back to your coal-face and thank you."

After lunch, a file in each hand, Cranmer again came to see Purbright. "An exciting day," he said. "First, the loss of my pending tray; second, the search by Strapfarthing for his; third, the receipt from you"—he waved a file—"of what you seem to think my pending tray; and now, fourthly"—he plucked the other file on the desk—"the receipt of yours." It was indeed Purbright's. "I have read it," said Cranmer. "It instructs you to introduce a new kind of stock-record." "With little coloured cards?" asked Purbright. "Are you sure, Purbright," asked Strapfarthing, entering the room, a file in hand, "are you certain in your able mind that you have no papers of mine?" "What were they about?" asked Purbright. "Our stock-records," said Strapfarthing. "An idea—you may remember it—of Cranmer's. Pink and blue cards and

coloured inks. I'd kept the papers by me, intending, at some meticulously chosen moment, to fill in the details and foist it on the outer office." "Here it is," said Cranmer, handing it over. "It reached me," said Purbright, "and I thought it Cranmer's. He, too, had lost papers on this subject. As had I, for that matter," he added, frowning slightly. "It's a small world, perhaps," said Strapfarthing. "Let us gather all the documents together and examine them." "But I have yet to find mine," said Cranmer. Strapfarthing handed him the file he'd brought with him. "Full circle," he said.

The three copies were identical, with the addition, for Cranmer and Purbright, of instructions from Strapfarthing to institute the stock-record. "It was a test," said Strapfarthing. "With my strong sense of fair play, and not a little magnanimity, I included myself in it. But there was yet another copy. Let us proceed to the outer office." They trooped across. "Miss Bloggs," said Strapfarthing, "how do you keep our record of stocks?" "Why, don't you remember," said Miss Bloggs, "you told me to use Mr. Cranmer's idea. There were details to fill in, but I filled them in and now we have a lot of handy little coloured cards. Quite brighten the office."

"It's a quiet life," said the cobbler. Purbright looked up from his desk. "After the hurly-burly of sheep-pen and cow-byre it's restful here with you gentlemen." "That's as may be," said Purbright, "but I'm not sure you haven't livened things up; you're a new broom if anything." "I do my utmost to do my duty," said the cobbler, pleasantly. Foiled by the empty pending tray he harvested Purbright's unopened afternoon post and made off.



ROY DAVIS

Impasse

"He ate too much, was grossly overweight, and his obese condition could not be treated until his weight was reduced."—*News of the World*



"It says here 'During mock battles the utmost economy in ammunition will be observed' . . ."



"Do you keep assorted dog biscuits?"

PSYCHOLOGICAL SLEUTH

THE criminal in the old-fashioned detective story was an uncomplicated creature. He was bad and committed crimes; that was about all there was to him. Nowadays, he is frequently a psychological case of the greatest complexity. Sleuthing is no longer a question of train time-tables and cigar ash, but of patterns in a crime reflecting patterns in a mind. If this tendency goes much further, whodunits will soon call for some fairly intensive writing . . .

Within a few minutes of the body's being discovered, the Yard was on the way. The prowling car was followed by the encephalograph van, the schizophrenia squad and the couches for witness-interviewing. The room filled with policemen.

"Twenty-two soapstone figures of cats," the Divisional Inspector pointed out to Saunders-Hope of the C.I.D. They were arranged in a complicated geometrical pattern round the body. "I suppose you'll be sending out an all-stations call for an aleuphile."

Saunders-Hope smiled politely. Really, these old-time coppers turned detective! "I'm inclined to think that a repressed fear of cats has been transformed into an overt love of them," he said gently. "I shall issue a call for an aleuphobe." A keen young detective, who was working for his promotion exams and had already gained distinction in neuropathology, intelligence-testing and psychometry, coughed urgently. Saunders-Hope shot him a keen glance. "Incipient hypertrophy of conscientiousness," he noted automatically. He nodded paternally; it had been impressed on all the higher ranks that they were liable to be selected as Father-Substitutes by their subordinates.

"All the prints in this room are Japanese, sir," the constable said eagerly. A very old policeman off the beat began to protest that you could not tell race by using an insufflator, but he was relegated to the background. He was used to being relegated and he shrugged melancholic shoulders. "The deceased had a fixation upon the Orient," the youngster continued.

Saunders-Hope smiled sadly. "He didn't live here," he explained. "As he is obviously a Japanese student he is more likely to have become fixated upon the Occident." The young constable blushed hotly. "Premature intellectualization," he muttered. "Don't look hangdog," Saunders-Hope said kindly.

A new figure joined them. Superintendent Fork was massive in body and slow in mind. His shrewdness was esteemed by his younger colleagues, but they found his old-fashioned approach galling at times. He had read no psychology later than William James. "The tenant of the flat has got frightened and run away, sir," Saunders-Hope reported. "You mean," replied Fork, "that he has run away and therefore feels frightened." There was an awkward pause.

A sergeant entered with the preliminary report upon the landlady. Her Intelligence Quotient was a hundred. Her reaction-times to the word-lists had been normal. She showed no signs of emotional instability. Her colour vision was perfect. She had not been an only child. Saunders-Hope allowed a keen grin to flicker across his face: better not to repress things if you wanted to end as Assistant-Commissioner, he thought. "A precariously-maintained crust of normality," he diagnosed swiftly. "Have her watched. If we get nothing on her we had better use scopolamine."

The police-surgeon rose to his feet. "The body is that of a short, fat man," he reported. "Sheldon would classify him as an endomorph. His temperament was, therefore, viscerotonic. He loved ceremoniousness and eating in common, and needed people's support when in trouble."

"What killed him?" Fork asked shortly. The police-surgeon raised his eyebrows quizzically. "The death-wish being weak in endomorphs," he replied, "it was clearly an unwilling response to the destructive impulses of his murderer." "What was the weapon, man?" Fork bellowed. "You pragmatists," the police-surgeon cooed. "It was probably the meat-axe that is lying by the body. Twenty-two blows were struck. The force used suggests what Sheldon would classify as a mesomorph."

"Twenty-two again," Saunders-Hope muttered. A pattern began to emerge in his mind. It was a pity that schizophrenia was coming into the case; the Assistant-Commissioner was getting tired of it. However, facts were sacred, patterns were free. He tried paranoia and a new disease recently written up in the Police Journal, psycho-lycanthropy; but schizophrenia seemed to fit it. He determined to stick to his guns. After all, he had the best record in Homicide—never charged a man who had not ended in Broadmoor. That was something to be proud of. Yes. It must be a schizophrene they needed, still twenty-two in one part of his mind. Preliminary inquiries, unfortunately, had showed that the missing tenant of the flat actually was twenty-two. However, it must be some kind of transferred schizophrenia.

Meanwhile, the routine set in motion by the police call was proceeding smoothly and relentlessly. Saunders-Hope sometimes wondered whether the Yard was not,

perhaps, a little too smooth and relentless. There were the dangers of compensation; a regrettable tendency to Bohemianism in the canteen had been observed. He shook himself out of his reverie as Fork began to consider the probable course of action of the wanted man. He listened respectfully as the good old Super blundered about, then cut in neatly, "Surely the murderer will make for number twenty-two in some street. Identify the street and we have him." Fork wheezed humorously at the vagaries of the young; but gave the necessary order, and in a matter of minutes the gigantic network of police forces was beginning the long comb-out.

There was a pause at the centre of operations. The Commissioner, a believer in Yoga, insisted on these periods of meditation. Then Saunders-Hope suddenly jerked back into the Now. "By Freud!" he ejaculated. "The cats. Mustn't forget the super-ego. Any Cat Street would be out. Would dog be the opposite of cat? The conscious determination to conceal would, one must remember, be evaded by the unconscious. The mind is not very bright, really. That is what analysts live on. Try Houndsditch," he added, with an offhand descent from theory to practice.

In a few minutes the telepathic team had communicated with the Local Station and soon the wanted man was in a cell, being gently, firmly and relentlessly conditioned by Saunders-Hope to acknowledge his commission of the crime, though not, of course, his responsibility for it.

R. G. G. PRICE

Wassall! Wassall!

"LORDS, LONDON—Middlesex beat Somerset by 137 runs."
Suedish paper



BEES' CALENDAR

WILLOW, plum and blackthorn, dandelion, cherry,
Among these blooms in April the bees made merry.



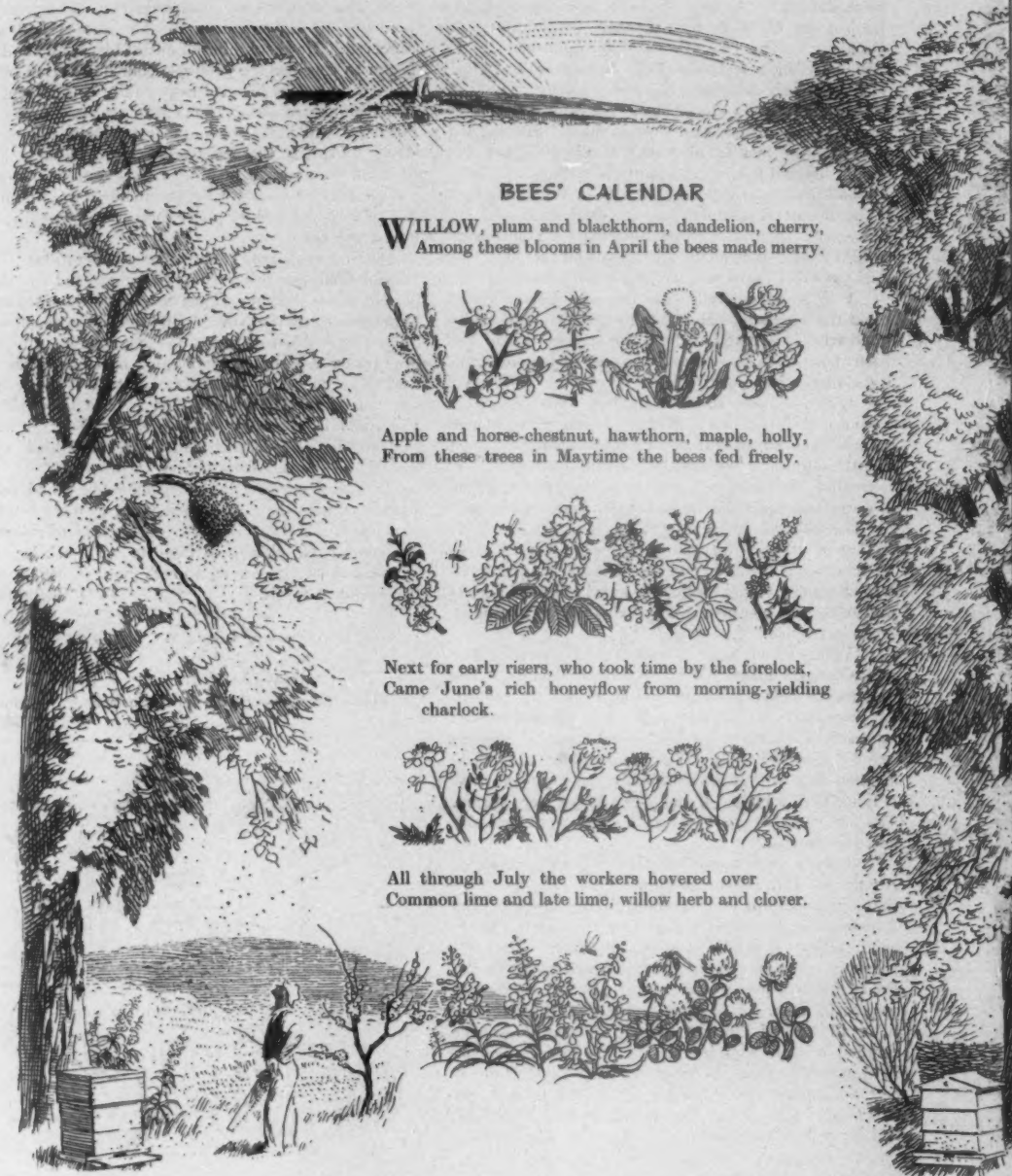
Apple and horse-chestnut, hawthorn, maple, holly,
From these trees in Maytime the bees fed freely.



Next for early risers, who took time by the forelock,
Came June's rich honeyflow from morning-yielding
charlock.



All through July the workers hovered over
Common lime and late lime, willow herb and clover.



August then invited them sweetness to gather
From the rough field-thistle and the pink ling heather.



Now the crop is separated, strained, and blended,
And in the quiet hive animation is suspended;



Now the summer's essence, for which the bees laboured,
Glows in grocer's pyramid or in cool store-cupboard;



But April will arouse the bees again to make merry
On willow, plum and blackthorn, dandelion, cherry.

HH



ON TRUST FOR US

IT's interesting to find that as long ago as the end of the eighteenth century a man could feel pressed for time if he were to see the best of England's antiquities before they were swept away. The other day, in Professor Jack Simmons' delightful new anthology, *Journeys in England*, I came across a discerning traveller named John Byng, who wrote: "I come abroad to view old castles, old manors and old religious houses, before they be quite gone." He might be surprised to-day at the number of antiquities still with us, but I doubt if he could ever be made to understand that the owners of the large houses that survive can no longer afford to live in them.

These houses, built by craftsmen of incomparable skill, are not only works of art but a concrete expression of English history. The things they stood for when England was largely governed from them are disappearing, but if we have any feeling for our past we cannot deny their national importance. Their beauty is beyond politics. In no other country has the great private house been developed in the variety and profusion that it has here; and with the houses go gardens brought to perfection by artists to whom time and money were nothing. They will never be made again.

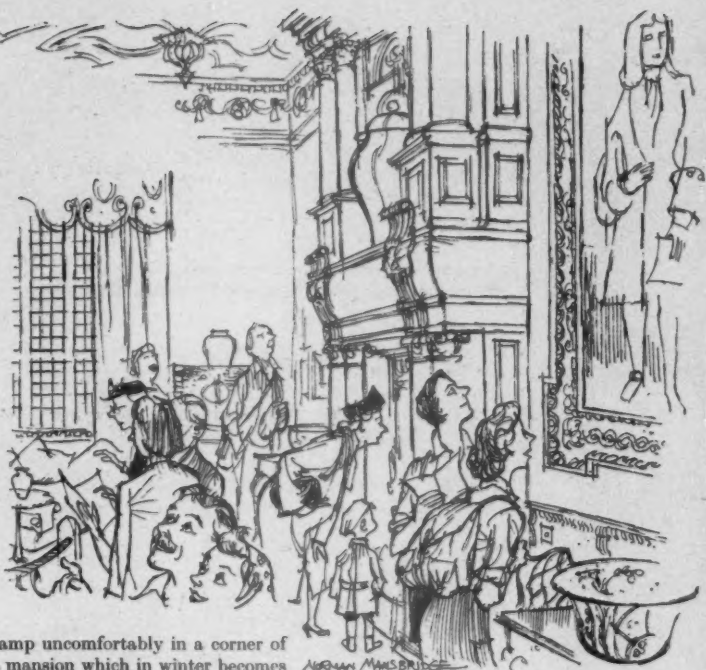
The plight of the remaining owners is now almost hopeless. Successive death duties have shot their capital to pieces, and taxes have reduced their incomes to a figure which is often more than swallowed up by maintenance. Five thousand a year sounds fine until you get the death-watch beetle in a roof the size of a football pitch. Many of our big houses have been lived in by the same families for centuries, and not unnaturally their present owners are hanging on as long as they can. Love of their homes and a sense of loyalty to their estates make it seem worth while to

camp uncomfortably in a corner of a mansion which in winter becomes a vast refrigerator because its furnaces were designed for a battle-ship. In the summer owners may charge a fee to visitors, and sell them vegetable marrows as they leave, but however gallantly they struggle, and re-plan their farms, and put leather on their elbows, not many can survive another hammering from death duties.

The recent Gowers Committee on Historic Houses came to the conclusion that it would be a calamity not to preserve the best of them before it was too late, and also that wherever feasible they should be lived in, if possible by their present owners. This rider was imaginative, for an old cap on the hall-table gives a reality that no immaculate museum can match. The Committee's main recommendation was that, subject to safeguards, the owners of such houses should be relieved of income tax, as they are in France. Last April, however, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, while admitting the importance of active preservation, stated that the Government could not accept the principle

of special tax relief for owners. State assistance, he said, must be within Parliament's control; and he therefore proposed legislation in the next Session which would bring suitable houses directly under the wing of the Minister of Works, who would be given power to use the Land Fund for purchase and maintenance, and for helping owners. Whichever party wins the election, action will no doubt be taken; but, as Mr. Gaitskell warned the House, rearmament will leave only a token sum available. Solid help from the State is unlikely for many years.

In the meantime the outlook would be very black indeed if it were not for a body to which every Englishman already owes an immense debt—the National Trust. Whether it can continue to save our heritage for us depends entirely on how much backing it receives from you and me. Many people seem to think the Trust is something very rich in Whitehall. In fact it has no connection with the State, and last



year was seriously overdrawn. In 1895, when it was founded by Octavia Hill, Sir Robert Hunter and Canon Rawnsley, its aim was to preserve the best of the English countryside from the encroachments of industry. Until the 1930s it spent most of the money it drew from public subscriptions and legacies on taking over parts of the Lake District and the Peaks, and such unspoiled stretches of coast, where rare birds breed, as Blakeney Point and Scott Head in Norfolk. In the 1930s higher taxation began to hit country houses lethally; and Lord Lothian, who subsequently left his superb Jacobean home, Blickling Hall, to the Trust, led a movement which resulted in an Act giving the Trust exemption from tax on similar bequests. In addition the Trust possesses the following privileges: it can declare any of its properties inalienable, i.e. safe from sale or mortgage, and also from



income from it is taken into consideration. An owner handing over can go on living in the house and suggest a tenant to follow him; if he leaves his property at death he can still recommend a successor. The tenant pays rent, while the Trust looks after the property. In return this is thrown open to the public at specified times. Being flexible, the Trust is open to compromise. One house, for instance, is shared by the owner's widow, with her own estate office, and an adult education college. Houses no longer suitable for private residence are let to other tenants, who include the Y.W.C.A., the Youth Hostels Association, The Workers' Travel Association, and also the Ministry of Works, which administers Ham House as a museum; but whenever possible the Trust acts on the conviction it shares with the Gowers Committee that the house still in private use is the most interesting to the public. In many of its mansions notable art collections have been taken over intact, and the legislation that is pending proposes to exempt future acquisitions from estate duty.

The Trust owns over a thousand properties, covering 160,000 acres. In addition to a heartening list of

great houses and also of ones where great people have lived and worked (from Drake to Winston Churchill) it holds safe—for you and me, don't forget—every variety of landscape; famous gardens, castles, manors, mills, ancient monuments, hotels, hostels and even whole villages. Its open spaces are free to all of us (a privilege too often disgraced by tons of disgusting litter). To visit its buildings (as more and more are doing) you pay a small charge—unless you are a member, when a minimum fee of ten shillings a year gives you the run of the list. This is surely astonishingly good value.

The present membership is about twenty-five thousand. I am convinced it would be far higher if the public realized how much, in influence as well as cash, membership helps a body which is fighting to keep England a place worth living in. Since the war the Trust's work has been made more difficult by two new problems. Few owners have enough capital left for a maintenance fund, and past endowments that once were adequate can no longer meet rising costs.

But if you and I care sufficiently the work will go on.

ERIC KEOWN



compulsory acquisition except by Act of Parliament; these inalienable properties and their maintenance funds are exempt from death duties; and local authorities are empowered to help with grants, and often do.

The Trust, which has its close counterpart in Scotland, covers England, Wales and Northern Ireland. It works through a number of expert committees in London and all over the country. Because of limited funds it cannot accept a property without a capital endowment sufficient to cover maintenance; but having once decided (and the vetting is strict) that a property is nationally valuable, any regular



MISLEADING CASES

Slander at Sea—II

Temper v. Hume and Haddock

MR. JUSTICE CODD, shortly to retire, to-day continued his summing-up in this case, in which, it will be remembered, Mr. Temper of the yacht *Perfume II* is suing Mr. Hume, owner of the yacht *Iodine*, and Mr. Haddock, his guest, for defamation at sea by flag-signals. Mr. Temper, it is alleged by the defence, had behaved very badly in an Italian harbour.

"As I was saying," said his Lordship, "when I fell off into that delicious doze, the plaintiff's next complaint concerned the following signals in the International Code which, I must say, in colour, look jolly gay and satisfactory to me:

AGW—'Group which follows is a question'

HGQ—'Headache is very severe'

PCP—'Tongue is coated'

VGP—'Belly wall is tender'

Mr. Albert Haddock's reply to the complaint was simple. He said that that was how he felt that morning, and, as one mariner to another, he was asking a sympathetic question. This time, the flags were not taken down.

At Port W—, after the routine LWV ('Have dead rats been found on board?'), there was a new and singular set of signals:

AGW—'Group which follows is a question'

VGI—'Breathing is noisy or snorting'

VGG—'Have night sweats'

VGO—'Eyeball burst'

At Port V— it was:

AGW—'Group which follows is a question'

PCP—'Tongue is coated'

HGQ—'Headache is very severe'

PJP—'Troubled'

CPT—'By'

JMY—'Mosquitoes'

ATL—'Alcohol'.

And so on.

Now, gentlemen, it is for you

and me to analyse and assess the legal significance of this unusual story of the sea. The plaintiff complains of various innuendoes or suggestions in the signals, to wit, that he was unseamanlike, that his ship was plague-ridden or otherwise unhealthy, that he was given to excessive drinking; and he says that he has been held up to hatred, ridicule and contempt in the yachting world. He says that in more than one harbour he was greeted by acquaintances with remarks about 'vermin-vessels' or 'deratization'. I have ruled that certain of the flags might bear a defamatory meaning, and you will have to decide whether in all the circumstances they were defamatory or not.

The next question is: By whom were the statements, if defamatory, made? You will probably find that Mr. Haddock in each case selected and hoisted the flags; but that he did so with the general permission of Mr. Hume, the owner and master of the vessel. In the case of a newspaper the proprietor, the editor and the writer of libellous matter may each and all be sued. But a motor-yacht is not a newspaper (see *The Queen v. Robinson*, 1891 (2 Q.B.)). The nautical experts who testified before us were unanimous that a signal flown at the ship's yard-arm is a signal from the ship, and that, in the absence of fraud or mutiny, the master is alone responsible. It may be, then, that, whatever you find in fact, I shall have to strike Mr. Haddock out of the action as a matter of law. A further difficulty will then present itself, concerning damages. Whatever you may think about the mind of Mr. Haddock, you are not likely to find any evidence of

malice in the mind of Mr. Hume, who showed gentlemanly forbearance under great provocation. There need, it is true, be no evidence of express malice where a libel is proved, unless the occasion be privileged, which this is not: but you may well think it right to assess different damages for the two defendants, unjust though that may seem. Dear me, what a case!

There remains, for me at least, perhaps the most delicate question of all. Is this a case of libel or slander? Though the plaintiff complains that his reputation has suffered, he has been able to offer no evidence of any actual damage such as must support, in most cases, an action for slander. He has not suffered professionally or been turned out of a club. Now, the historical but crazy distinction between libel and slander is thus expressed by the good Mr. Salmond (I quote the text-book because if I began to quote the judges I should be at it for many days):

'In libel the defamatory statement is made in some permanent and visible form, such as writing, printing, or effigies. In slander it is made in spoken words or in some other transitory form, whether visible or audible, such as gestures, hissing, or other inarticulate but significant sounds.'

Very well. Where are we now? What are flags? They are 'visible', like writing, printing, or effigies, but unlike words, whispers, or hisses. So *prima facie*, they must be libel. But are they 'permanent'? Surely not. At sea, the flags remain at the yard-arm till the receiving ship has hoisted the Answering Pendant to the peak, signifying that the signal is understood. Then the flags come

* Law of Torts (Stevens and Haynes)



down. Gone like the wind. A 'transitory' defamation, surely. But then the plaintiff has sworn that in some ports the flags complained of remained on view *all day*. Should such an exhibition be regarded as transitory or permanent—or, to put the thing fairly, non-transitory? Gentlemen, you now perhaps begin to apprehend the kind of difficulties which confront me in this case. But I do not know why I am troubling you with all this: for these are things that I have to decide alone. The truth is, I am thinking aloud. And, I tell you what, I am going to make you help me as much as I can. After all, this may be the last case I try. Get your pencils, gentlemen: and do try," his Lordship added testily, "to keep awake. We shan't get lunch for another hour and a half."

The Judge left the following questions to the jury:

- (a) Were any of the signals complained of defamatory?
- (b) Which?
- (c) Why?
- (d) Were there, in fact, any dead rats in *M/Y Perfume II*?
- (e) If so, does it matter?
- (f) Do you believe a single word that Mr. Haddock says?
- (g) If "Yes" give examples.
- (h) Between ourselves, don't you think the plaintiff is a fairly unsympathetic character?
- (i) Have you the faintest idea, after all my laborious discourse
 - (i) what is the difference between libel and slander?
 - (ii) why?
- (j) If "Yes", would you say that flag-signals were:
 - (i) transitory?
 - (ii) non-transitory?
- (k) And, if you were in my place, though, mind you, this is my job, not yours, would you say that this was a case of libel or slander?
 - (i) why?
 - (ii) why not?
- (m) What damages:
 - (i) against Mr. Hume?
 - (ii) against Mr. Haddock?
- (n) You may have to find for the plaintiff: but, honestly, if you were me, would you give him any costs?
- (o) By the way, I forgot to ask you—

do you think that the plaintiff's reputation has suffered?

- (p) If "Yes"—does this upset you?
- (q) Now will you retire, please? And come back soon.

The jury retired, for seventeen hours. On their return, the foreman said: "My Lord, we are a little confused. We disagree on almost every particular."

His Lordship. Well done. I think you are quite right.

Sir Eliot Ember, for the plaintiff, asked for costs.

The Judge. Well, no. You see, I have decided to strike Mr. Haddock out of the action as he was not the master of the ship. And Mr. Hume has behaved very decently throughout. So I am afraid the plaintiff will have to pay all the costs.

Sir Eliot. If your Lordship pleases.

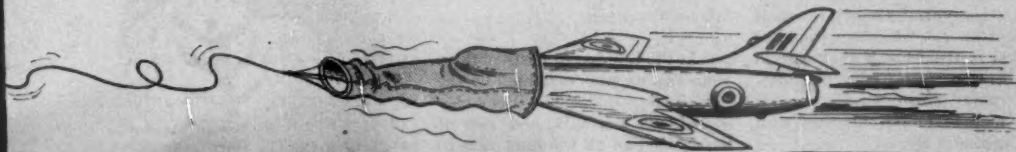
Sir Ronald Rutt. Shall we have a new trial?

The Judge. Not before me.
A. P. H.

PIBLETT, 1912

HE was enough for all our needs,
Old Piblett in his Harris tweeds—
Those tweeds so shaggy, peaty, nifty,
And Piblett the right side of fifty—
Piblett the superman, who knew
All it became a man to do,
All it became a man to think,
As where to get the finest drink,
The smartest sort of smoking mixture,
The gadget or the handy fixture,
The workman for a special job,
The way to rule the tiresome mob,
Home-grown or foreign: and the way
To make a neighbour's business pay,
And gardens flourish like the bay,
And fields produce great crops of hay,
And how to manage pigs and bees,
And dodge the lawyers and their fees,
And bring the women to their knees,
And live in fame and die in ease.

Ah, Piblett, on the further shore,
The semblance of the tweeds you wore
Invests you still, and still I see
A ghostly meerschaum gleam at me.
But turn, and do not contemplate
The riddle of our present fate:
Self-satisfied, with cheerful hum,
Stride brogued through your Elysium,
Whistling your smart bull-terrier pup—
And do not watch us washing up.





Devil's Disciple

(Tamburlaine the Great)

Zenocrate—Miss JILL BALCON; Tamburlaine—Mr. DONALD WOLFF

AT THE PLAY

Tamburlaine the Great (OLD VIC)

Les Faussez Confidences and Baptiste (ST. JAMES'S)



R. TYRONE GUTHRIE has begun his direction of the Old Vic with courage. MARLOWE's *Tamburlaine the Great* had not been played for over three hundred years, and it would have been a pity never to have seen it. Adroit surgery by Mr. GUTHRIE and Mr. DONALD WOLFF has reduced its sprawling bulk, without sensible loss, to a length supportable by our pampered frames; imaginative production by Mr. GUTHRIE and a surging performance by Mr. WOLFF leave us more conscious of the wild strength of MARLOWE at his best than of the windy rhetoric that sometimes plugs the gaps.

Obviously the Elizabethans must have taken more kindly than we can to the heroics of a world-hungry megalomaniac. It is almost impossible nowadays to make the physical accompaniments of a thug's rise to power quite safe from smiles. In this play so many armies mount the stage to meet their doom that it would be a great convenience if they carried numbers on their backs, like football teams. *Tamburlaine's* generals grow more and more encrusted with rare metals. He sacks larger and larger towns, and becomes every

day more repellent. Even his grief at the death of his wife (expressed in an outsize sack) is followed by a lecture on throat-slitting to his sons, sitting cosily beside their mother's bier. In the second half, however, MARLOWE was on to something far more interesting, a study of unbridled ambition run to madness; and *Tamburlaine* (who had changed his hairdresser in the interval and acquired a new Mongolian devilry) at last appears a figure of cosmic menace.

Deservedly Mr. WOLFF dominates the evening, playing triumphantly a part for which his range and gusto perfectly fit him. Other opportunities are limited, but Miss JILL BALCON is good as *Tamburlaine's* wife (poor woman!), and Miss MARGARET RAWLINGS (in captivity loaded with chains until she sounds like an old tram), Mr. REGINALD TATE and Mr. PETER COKE make effective foils to Mr. WOLFF's large-scale attack.

At the Edinburgh Festival three years ago we were delighted by the Compagnie Madeleine Renaud—Jean-Louis Barrault, and now it has opened an all too brief visit to London with the same programme.

Les Faussez Confidences is a stylized piece in which MARIVAUX, who broke away from the tradition of Molière to bring the spirit of the Commedia del Arte within the frame of artificial comedy, described the capture of a willing widow by a shy wooer advised by his Macchiavellian valet. It is an exquisite game of chess with the emotions, and MINE. RENAUD, M. BARRAULT and M. JEAN DESAILLY play it enchantingly. Down to the smallest part the whole production is French-polished, and as an illustration of Gallic acting at its most civilized no better piece could have been chosen.

M. BARRAULT's wealth of gesture as the valet was only a foretaste of his wonderful performance in the second half of the programme, in M. JACQUES PREVERT's mime sequence elaborated from the film, "Les Enfants du Paradis." Probably the greatest exponent of mime of this generation, M. BARRAULT can say anything with his hands, with the droop of his body, even with his feet. There are echoes of Chaplin, and a similar ability to wring our hearts.

Recommended

The Winter's Tale (Phoenix) is a production that will be remembered. *The Love of Four Colonels* (Wyndham's) is an ingeniously satirical comedy, and *Penny Plain* (St. Martin's) an intimate revue with golden moments. ERIC KEOWN

[Les Faussez Confidences]
Cupid's Dart

Dubois—M. JEAN-LOUIS BARRAULT

SUBJECT AND THE PAINTER

FORM of painting badly in need of revaluation is the subject picture, the picture, that is, which has a theme taken from literature, legend, history or contemporary life. It is shunned now by most painters. Connoisseurs look at it askance. The word "literary" as applied to pictorial art is used disparagingly. Nevertheless the subject picture is a most valuable means of communication; it would be no bad thing to get rid of the modern complex about it.

There is nothing wrong with the literary subject in itself, and the great and convincing argument for it is the number of masterpieces it has given us. Go into the National Gallery and you find that the Umbrian artist Pintoricchio had no fastidious scruples about taking a subject from Homer, that his "The Return of Odysseus" is a work of superlative beauty. Ovid, too, was a favourite source for the Italian masters. All poetic myths are literary, and if we condemn pictures representing them we should have to condemn one so exquisite as Piero di Cosimo's "Death of Procris"—which would be absurd.

Clearly, the way to get the subject picture in fair perspective is to look at some of the best examples. Must the meeting of two military commanders, victor and vanquished, be merely a commonplace illustration? Velazquez' "The Surrender of Breda" splendidly disproves it. Is a fable outside the painter's province? Tintoretto's "Origin of the Milky Way" is enough to convince us of the contrary.

The subject picture lies under a cloud because it has become the custom to identify it with the weakness of a number of nineteenth-century painters. It was, it must be admitted, necessary to take heed of their warning example; to recognize that a painter cannot tell a story in exactly the same way as a playwright or a novelist, that he forgets at his peril the primary importance of shapes and colours and the beauty they may have in themselves. Yet to despise the subject picture

because certain painters got it wrong would be merely unintelligent. It is more profitable to remember those who got it right, as some did even in the much abused Victorian age.

Thus, if Daniel Maclise's Shakespearean pictures seem to deserve all the strictures of Ruskin (and even some that did not occur to him), one should not conclude that no one

could make a picture out of Shakespeare: it would be wiser to turn to the moving and admirable "Ophelia" that the young Millais painted in 1851. In another vein, Frith's "Derby Day"

remains a triumph, full not only of story but of brilliant passages of painting. In that recent exhibition "Ten Decades of British Taste" (which ran the whole gamut of subjects and styles in the last century) quite minor Pre-Raphaelite subject pictures stood out well and

were certainly not made to look silly by the subjectless works of a later age. The value of the subject picture is that the artist is incited and even compelled to *imagine*—as opposed merely to copying a given object in front of him; and the painter, one may add, is as much entitled to the use of the imagination as any other creative person. Another advantage is that it uses the resources of the art fully—in the same way as an opera uses the resources of music. It calls for a composition planned with special care. It sets intricate problems in space, shape, colour and texture. It requires the artist to paint anything—landscape, figures, animals, still life, to the point, if necessary, of combining them all in one picture. On this account, it has encouraged many a great painter to the fullest exertion of his powers—a fact which (in a period more narrowly specialized, on dishes of fruit or views from back windows) is decidedly worth a thought.

WILLIAM GAUNT



"I've had to give up riding completely—sailor's orders."

LAUGHTER

THE party had reached the stage where the men and women had separated, the women in the easy chairs and the men in a knot round the piano.

Still, nobody was bored. The women were talking animatedly about their holidays and the men were grumbling about the world situation.

"My wife says that there should be more women on the job," said Hendrickson. "She says that women would make a better job of the food and drink, for example. She says that men are on the way out historically."

He looked over at his wife. She was embarking on a story. It was the one about the time he had fallen out of the boat while showing how easy it was to row. She had laughed so much at the time that she could hardly help him back into the boat. He smiled fondly at her and turned back to the piano.

"There's a war on all the time between men and women," said Beaven.

"There's only one side got to win," said Hefford. "You couldn't have women ruling everything, could you?"

There was a short silence broken by the women laughing at the mental spectacle of Hendrickson coming up by the side of the boat, hair all over his eyes and swearing like a trooper.

"I'm a funny man," said Hendrickson.

"All men are funny," said Mrs. Hefford, turning round.

"There's no dignity in being a man these days," said Beaven. "All you get is emancipated women laughing at you."

But, Hendrickson thought, that wasn't so bad. There was something pleasant about Clara's laughter. It was indulgent, not malicious. He heard the sound of it echoing across the bright water and hung on to the side of the boat and began to laugh himself.

"That's Hendrickson, the expert sculler," he said, laughing so much he nearly went under again.

"Of course, Joe really is a funny man when he wants to be," Clara said. "Do you remember the party at the Rawleys', Joe, and the way you imitated the fish?" She went off into a little peal of laughter, throwing herself back in the chair.

"It wasn't so funny," said Hendrickson.

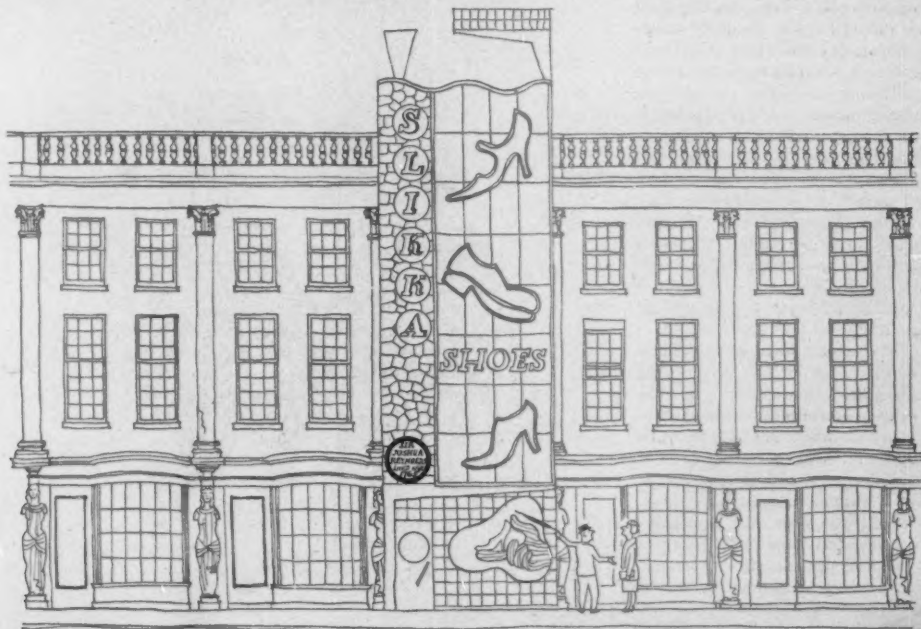
"You shouldn't say that," Clara said. "You don't have any confidence in yourself. You don't know how good you are."

Hendrickson knew that Clara was going to ask him to do his imitations. He also knew that he was going to do them, and if nobody else thought they were funny he didn't care.

"You ought to do the one of the fish," Clara said. "Show Charles and Harry how funny you are."

"I can't do that imitation of a fish in cold blood," said Hendrickson.

"Fishes have cold blood anyway," said Beaven, "so don't let that stop you." He laughed.



"Come on, Joe," said Hefford.
"What kind of fish is it?"

"Any fish," said Hendrickson.
He stood out in the middle of the room, waving one hand behind his back to represent the dorsal fin. He opened his eyes wide in a stare, puffed up his cheeks and took in great gulps of air. He looked straight into Mrs. Hefford's face, forcing her into hysterical laughter. It was a great success. By the time he had finished waving his hand and popping his eyes everyone was helpless. So he did the tortoise and the chimpanzee and ended with his masterpiece, the imitation of a wardrobe, which he did by standing utterly rigid and opening and shutting the front of his coat.

This was a sensation. The tears were running down the women's faces. Hefford slid down to the floor, and in trying to save himself clutched at the fire irons. The clang completed the performance like a chord from an orchestra.

"You ought to go on the stage, Joe," said Mrs. Hefford, with a final shriek.

Hefford was lifted up from the floor by Beaven. He lay in a chair, saying "That wardrobe, that wardrobe" and waving his arms.

Afterwards, in the car as they drove home, Hendrickson looked fondly at his wife's face as it was lit up by the street lamps. When they got out in the garage he seized and kissed her before she could get to the door.

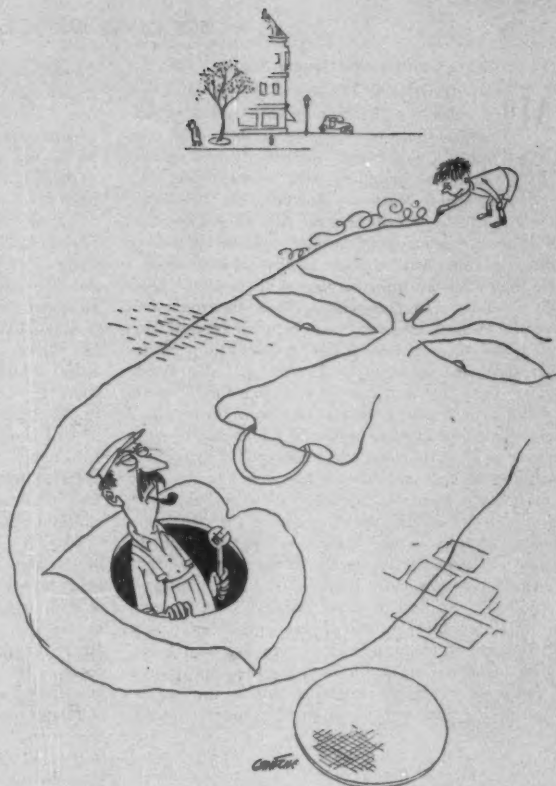
"Joe," she said, "what's the matter with you? Are you crazy?"

"Of course I'm crazy," he said.
"Why else should I kiss an old hag like you?"

She smiled and walked to the door.

"Don't sit up late, Joe," she said.

He locked up the car. As he went towards the front door he was working out an imitation of a bear. That ought to be good. Shooting the bolts, he tried an experimental roar. It didn't sound right. He didn't even know if bears did roar. He would have to look it up. He dropped into a chair and turned the pages of an encyclopedia with a big, hairy, brown paw.



WINTER WHETHER

WHAT sort of winter is it going to be?

White, or say old-ivory, or slosh?

Will England foot the less familiar ski

Or frequenter galosh?

Will you be numbing, winter coming?

Humdrum, or calling pipingly for plumbing?

What sort of winter is it going to be?

Not that I am the sort of man to fuss

But — turkey, with trimmings, to the nth degree?

Or just roast chicken plus?

Will Christmas dinner prove a winner

Or shall I leave it feeling kind of thinner?

What sort of winter is it going to be?

Let us, however, skip the rhetoric rôle

And pose two factual queries, (a) and (b):—

(a) Do I get my coal—

Come thaw, come ice, is the mining crisis

Likely to dish me? (b) Can I pay the prices?

JUSTIN RICHARDSON

BOOKING OFFICE

Long, Short and Interminable



MISS SHIRLEY JACKSON'S first book was a collection of brilliant short stories, quite unlike those of any other writer. She combined a clear, witty picture of contemporary American manners with a beautifully controlled evocation of horrors from the borderlands of the psychopathic and the psychic. The variation of stance from story to story produced not, as so often in collections of short stories, variations on a single theme but an interweaving of themes: the parts made a whole. In *Hangsamen*, Miss Jackson's first novel, the themes are interwoven by their presentation through the consciousness of the heroine, who performs rather the same function as Tiresias in "The Waste Land." The effect is a little bewildering, for the novel takes the form of a chronological account of the heroine's development, through an unhappy adolescence as the daughter of an embittered and unsuccessful writer and through terrifying experiences in a women's college, into full maturity. However, one feels safe with the author. This confidence in Miss Jackson entails the obligation to listen carefully to the lightest of her hints and to free one's imagination from the stock responses that are so much more deadly than the stock responses of the intellect. At first I suspected that Miss Jackson was fumbling; by the end I recognized that any imperfections of communication were my own fault.

Miss Jackson's wit and her eye for the appearances and tones of everyday existence make the juxtaposition of her two worlds convincing and terrifying.



"I don't get it."

There is a danger that, precariously balanced between dream and actuality, she will tend to pursue fantasy out of the setting which gives it power. Shadows have become drugs for other writers, and it would be a pity for so fine a descriptive talent to be cut off from its natural material. If she can retain her poise in her next book it may be a masterpiece.

Easily the best of the other books on my list is *Marianne*. Mr. Rhys Davies is a reliable novelist and short story writer of the school of Lawrence. He can describe a setting, especially in South Wales, and he knows all about the Celtic arts of narrative. His people look real and live in real places; unfortunately, like that of Lawrence's characters, their behaviour is not always either realistic or poetic. They suspend disbelief in what they are but not in what they do. It is impossible to illustrate this criticism without giving away the plot of the novel, and improbable though the plot is, I do not wish to give the impression that the improbabilities prevent it from being extremely readable. The confusion over the law relating to illegitimate children is a strange lapse.

Mr. Noel Blakiston's *Canon James* is a collection of accomplished but unambitious short stories. The common assumption that while a novel may be aimed at any target the short story must invariably be aimed at the highest makes unfair demands on new writers. Mr. Blakiston, for example, is not trying to gain literary prizes. He is producing the kind of straightforward anecdotes of middle class life that please many readers in magazines and may be expected to please them in book form. In one story, "Heads or Tails," he successfully tackles something more complex and shows powers that make one wish he did not usually play for safety. However, a writer is entitled to play for safety if he wishes, and Mr. Blakiston provides his public with a well-carpentered utility article.

In his Pulitzer Prize Novel, *The Town*, Mr. Conrad Richter has produced another of those long, long reconstructions of the American Past that have been so popular for the last thirty years. It has a preface acknowledging the author's debt to historians and archivists and is full of dialect, folk-songs, popular names for trees and flowers, canals, Indians, railroads and musings over the virtues of the pioneers. It contains some of the most sentimental death-beds since Dickens. It is true that the British reader lacks any patriotic tie with the subject and judges the book as he would an historical novel on any other period and place. Possibly to an American audience it would be moving and exciting, though the same kind of thing has been done often before. On the first page we find "She lived in old Pennsylvania then with her mammy, pappy, brother and sisters. She had woke up in the middle of the night with the singular notion that her life was over and done. Now wasn't that a funny way for a young girl to think?" If not funny, it was at least inaccurate. Her life lasted another four hundred and fifteen pages.

R. G. G. PRICE

Music and Memories

Eugene Goossens, third holder of that distinguished name, presents the first instalment of his autobiography in *Overture and Beginners*, an engagingly written record of his talented family's contribution to music over eighty years. His personal memories illuminate the musical scene from 1900, when he attended his first concert (at which the sudden fortissimo chord in the "Oberon" overture caused him to "let out a dismal wail of fear and surprise"), to 1931, when he was appointed conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra, lighting by the way upon many of the great figures of literature, art and music, who were his own familiar friends. There is much of the *enfant terrible* in his make-up, as shown by his determined championing of Stravinsky and other modern composers, although his leaning towards Debussy and the Impressionists caused some to view him as the apostle of delicacy and charm. But he is by no means merely a musical elegant, having had the solid experience of conducting, playing and doing everything that came his way—and much that he steered in his direction—without which no artist can reach his full stature.

J. D.

Success or Failure?

The Nice American, by Gerald Sykes, is a serious and fairly successful attempt to portray the malaise that affects life across the Atlantic. Success, the yearning for possessions and personal esteem, above all the restlessness, the drinking, the smart conversations—these are the devils that take Colonel Childress to a mountain top and offer him the world. Their appeal cannot be denied, but it is peculiarly American to feel guilty about enjoying them. Eating lunch in a black-market restaurant of great luxury outside Algiers (the scene of the novel is North Africa), Colonel Childress is filled with remorse at the sight of the starving "ayrabs"; he yearns for the good life, the simple life, where human values are not distorted—after the war his intention is to give up social climbing and take to photography. But the problem that confronts America, the author suggests, is not only spiritual and material; there is also the emotional side. And it is on this plane, for Colonel Childress has to choose between America and France in the form of an American and a French girl, that *The Nice American* becomes an intriguing and satisfying story.

R. K.

La Cuisine Provinciale

Those of us who brought home not only regional cookery-books but even pots and pans on every one of our old-style Continental holidays, can recommend Mrs. Elizabeth David's *French Country Cooking* not only for its nostalgic delights but for its knowledgeable aid in reviving the happy past here and now. This is a book of wayside finds in provincial cafés and bistros; and of recipes treasured in self-sufficing farmhouses, where every year the quinoes are turned into "cotignac"

and the geese into *pâté d'oie*. The bias of the book is definitely meridional, which—however much you may prefer the cuisine of Périgord and Provence—is a pity; because the cider cookery of Normandy and her fish recipes—notably those published by the famous committee at Boulogne—would have helped us ring changes on our own similar materials. The crown of Mrs. David's enterprising book is two chapters on French stores and equipment, and the London shops that supply every item to-day.

H. P. E.

Magic Casements

In the foreword to his very long book, *The Houses in Between*, Mr. Howard Spring quotes words from a music-hall song—"You could see the Crystal Palace if it wasn't for the houses in between"—that suggested the title. He adds that he had for long wanted to make a novel out of the Crystal Palace's "fragile promise of peace and the dreadful realities of the years that followed." Here, then, is the book, narrated by the heroine who, at ninety-seven, barked back contentedly to the day when, as a little girl, she had seen the Crystal Palace "rising up, and flashing back the sunshine" and Queen Victoria dressed in pink and silver. It is absorbing, as are all slow books of family life in which cupboard doors are opened to show their skeletons and in which we know the characters as friends because we have watched them grow up. Here we see many of them die also. The book is set partly in Cornwall and partly in London. There is lavish comfort, slum squalor and genteel prosperity. At times



"My memory's getting terrible, dear. Tell me, is it the Conservatives or the Socialists who are always promising better conditions?"

it is difficult to see the wood for the trees; but Mr. Spring does remarkably well in his rôle of interpreter of the feminine mind.

B. E. B.

A Miscarriage of Justice?

A descendant of a family that has furnished officers to Prussia since the days of the Teutonic Knights, Field Marshal Erich von Manstein is the physical embodiment of what he himself described as typical Prussian virtues—"simplicity, loyalty and dignity." He also possesses moral courage, too rare among Prussian officers, and, as Mr. Paget records in his able account of *Manstein: His Campaigns and His Trial*, was "the only man who dared tell Hitler that he should relinquish military command." That Manstein was a military genius Mr. Paget convincingly proves in his enthralling descriptions of the Field Marshal's Russian campaigns, while he reveals that Hitler owed his astounding success in France in 1940 to his adoption, against the wishes of the General Staff, of Manstein's plan of operations. As Manstein's chief defence counsel Mr. Paget contends with deep conviction that his trial and condemnation must be regarded as a gross miscarriage of justice. He feels that the time has come to redress a wrong that ill accords with what Lord Hankey in his Foreword describes as the British "accustomed standards of chivalry, honour and common sense."

I. F. D. M.



"Sorry: full up. Another one behind . . ."

Back to Titus Oates

Mr. Alan Barth has written a gravely considered, courageous book—*The Loyalty of Free Men*—to show that in the United States to-day national security is being threatened by panic intolerance of diversity of opinion. Tight conformity, he reminds us, has meant suppressed rebellion all through history, and that not least when paying lip-service to the ideals of liberty. This is now in danger of being forgotten while the Committee On Un-American Activities comes perilously near to making martyrs among men and women guilty of nothing worse than Jeffersonian liberalism. Here is the age-old problem—how to beat the enemy who will play foul, and the writer can only reply that fair play will win in the end just because it is fair. In the meantime, although the actual internal Communist menace comes down in his analysis to very small proportions, his manifold instances of victimization at the instance of secret informers are horribly reminiscent of the Court of Star Chamber and the hysterical days of the Popish Plot.

C. C. F.

A Warning to Sportsmen

It is never wise to pot a poacher, even in the seat of his trousers at eighty yards, but the hero of Mr. Geoffrey Household's new novel, *A Rough Shoot*, is unlucky. He finds himself with a corpse on his hands whose presence attracts avengers far more sinister than the police. One moment he is a quiet family man hoping for a brace of partridges, the next an unwilling criminal, up to the neck in international intrigue and allied with a crazy Polish general against plotters in high places who menace the security of England. Mr. Household is a very persuasive writer. With admirable economy he transforms an obscure Dorset farm into a scene of prickly drama. The first half of this short novel is extremely compelling, but its excitement dwindles as the plot grows wilder and substitutes mechanical thrills for the mental tension which its author can describe so well.

E. O. D. K.

Books Reviewed Above

- Hangsman*. Shirley Jackson. (Gollancz, 10/6)
Marianne. Rhys Davies. (Heinemann, 12/6)
Canon James. Noel Blakiston. (Chapman and Hall, 10/6)
The Town. Conrad Richter. (Frederick Muller, 25/-)
Overture and Beginners. Eugene Goossens. (Methuen, 18/-)
The Nice American. Gerald Sykes. (John Lehmann, 10/6)
French Country Cooking. Elizabeth David. (John Lehmann, 12/6)
The Houses in Between. Howard Spring. (Collins, 15/-)
Manstein: His Campaigns and His Trial. R. T. Paget, K.C., M.P. (Collins, 15/-)
The Loyalty of Free Men. Alan Barth. (Gollancz, 16/-)
A Rough Shoot. Geoffrey Household. (Michael Joseph, 8/6)

Other Recommended Books

Splendid Occasions in English History, 1520-1947. Ifan Kyrie Fletcher. (Casell, 63/-, boxed) Sumptuously produced, very large but elegant book about ceremonial occasions, selected as symbols of their time and mood, from the Field of the Cloth of Gold to the wedding of Princess Elizabeth. The main point is the pictures (12 colour, 66 monochrome); the commentary is there to place each occasion, sometimes very lyrically, in its historical context.

DRESSED OVERALL

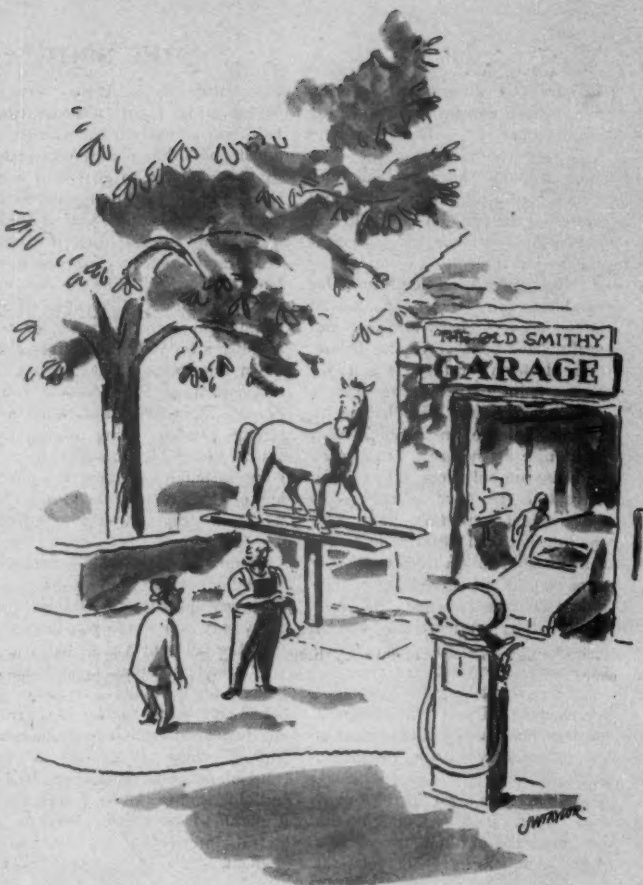
FOR the first day's racing I put on old grey flannels, a dark blue jersey and white canvas shoes. I carried a black oilskin, but had nothing on my head. This was a mistake, and Mrs. Harrap, a member of the Sailing Committee, gave me a very queer look. She was wearing a purple ski-ing jacket, pale blue mackintosh trousers and a green stocking cap with a tassel. Her face, eloquent of the sun and wind of many summers, had a wild, wide-eyed look. Apart from her dress, she looked like one of the Weird Sisters about to get her sieve off its moorings.

The Rector of Church Runcible, who stood beside her, was dressed more as befitted his cloth. He wore very long corduroy shorts, grey worsted stockings that almost, but not quite, met them, and button boots. A faded Authentica blazer was buttoned tightly over a khaki cardigan. His black stock and clerical collar were impeccable, but his Boat Club cap was slightly shrunk.

We came in last but one, and nobody spoke to us.

Next day I was determined to do better. I tucked my trousers (I had only the one pair with me) into dark green stockings, and bought a vest with blue horizontal stripes. I borrowed an Armoured Corps beret from George and wore it over one eye. As I came into the club, the Commander was pacing up and down the bar with his quarter-deck walk. He was wearing strawberry pink cotton trousers, an old rose blouse, backskin shoes and a spotless yachting cap. He gave me a piercing glance and nodded briefly. Encouraged by this recognition, I sailed with reckless courage, and we missed a third by no more than seconds.

The third day I shall never forget. I sat up much of the night embroidering my initials in red cross-stitch on the front of my new vest. I cut off my trousers at the knee, leaving the ends ragged, and dipped them in a purple cold-water dye. The result was a rather soiled lavender. I gartered my stockings



"Quite like old times to get a shoeing job."

with dark blue ribbon, leaving ample bows, and wore a leather helmet and goggles borrowed from a motor-cyclist in the Ebbmouth Arms.

We fought out a terrific finish for second place with Brigadier Stronge, who was handling his boat with magnificent judgment in a mustard yellow siren suit and black ski cap. There was hardly a boat's length between us as we crossed the line, but owing to an almost complete absence of wind an interval of nearly five minutes elapsed between the guns. This, on corrected timing, gave us a handsome victory.

Mrs. Harrap was standing by the wall as I came up the ladder. I took off my goggles and shook the spray off them with a sweeping gesture. She smiled, and I heard the skin round her mouth rustle as her lips moved. "Well done," she said.

A man came in. I had not seen him before, but I remembered his face from the pictures when he took *Lucy* to New York single-handed. He was wearing a dark blue jersey, grey flannels and white canvas shoes. He carried a black oilskin. No one said anything, but Mrs. Harrap and I looked at each other. We knew.

P. M. HUBBARD

THE SPLIT

SYMPSON called round the other evening wearing a rather gloomy expression.

"Our candidate for the election," he said, "wants us to arrange a meeting for him next Friday, and there is a big fight on the radio and James Stewart in a pre-release at the Palaseum."

I quite saw what he meant. Our candidate won the reputation of being a very hard-working and useful back-bencher in the House, but platform oratory is not his strong point. His speeches have a certain sameness. He begins by saying that we are heading at a great rate for national bankruptcy and that our only hope of remaining solvent is to have a change of Government, and then he tackles the international situation and says that we shall have a third world war upon us in the twinkling of an eye unless we have a change of Government. Jolly, invigorating stuff of course, but apt to pall at the twentieth repetition.

"You'll get very few people at the meeting," I said. "Not that it matters, because the old boy always has a majority of ten or fifteen thousand."

"It matters a lot," said Symptom, "when one is treasurer of the local branch and about nine-tenths of the members have not yet paid

their subscriptions. If they come to the meeting I can wheedle their half-crowns out of them without any trouble, but if they don't turn up I shall have to go round from house to house with a receipt book. By the way, I suppose you've heard about the terrific row Brigadier Hogg and Johnson-Clitheroe have had about who shall be the supporting speaker? As Chairman, Hogg claims the right to speak for ten minutes after the candidate has sat down, but Johnson-Clitheroe says it is his turn, as President. I don't know all the facts, but there is a strong rumour going round the town that Johnson-Clitheroe is going to make a scene at the meeting on Friday, and announce his intention of starting a rival organization."

Rumours of the trouble between Brigadier Hogg and Johnson-Clitheroe spread like wildfire, and everybody said what a pity it was to split the party at a time like this.

"I had intended," I said when Friday night came, "to stay at home and listen to the big fight, but duty must come before pleasure, and if there is going to be trouble between Brigadier Hogg and Johnson-Clitheroe I feel that I ought to be there. Perhaps a tactful interjection at the right moment..."

Edith said that though she would be sorry to miss James Stewart she thought that a stand-up fight on the platform between Brigadier Hogg and Johnson-Clitheroe was likely to be more thrilling than any film; so we set out together.

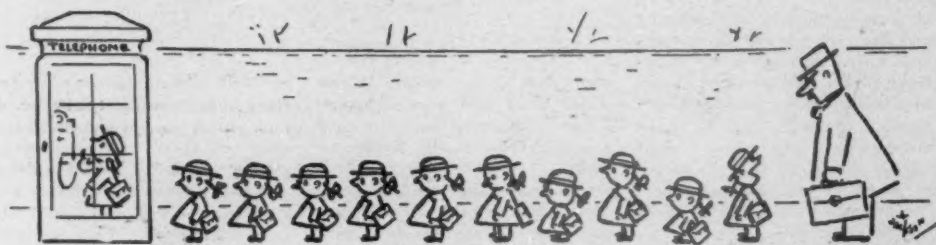
The hall was packed to the doors, and presently our candidate got up and spoke. It was much as usual until the peroration, when he appealed for unity in the party.

"It has come to my ears," he said, "that two of your stalwarts have had a slight difference of opinion. In these times when the Ship of State is heading for the rocks we cannot afford divisions among the crew. I appeal to my friend Brigadier Hogg to shake hands with my friend Johnson-Clitheroe and (if I may put it so) bury their mutual hatchet!"

The two men shook hands heartily, though they looked rather surprised.

"It turns out," said Symptom afterwards, "that they hadn't quarrelled at all. It is amazing how easily the most absurd rumours gain credence in a place like this. Do you mind helping me check the cash with the subscription-book?"

D. H. BARBER

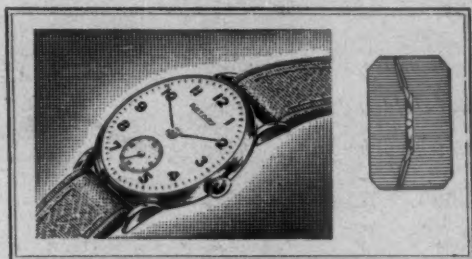


"It's 'Use of the Telephone' for homework, sir."

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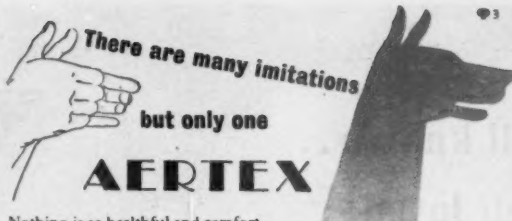
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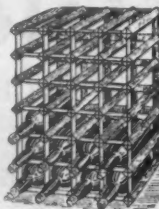
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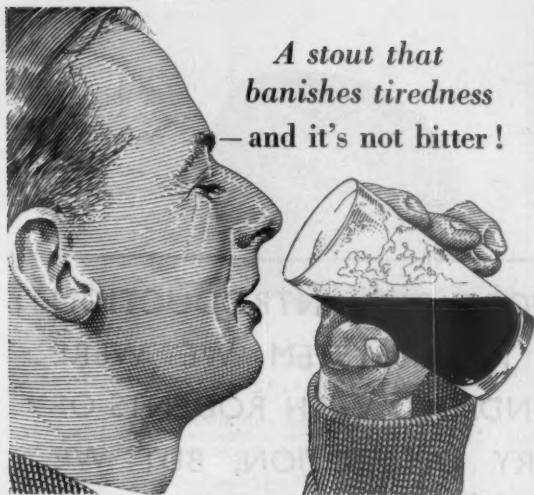
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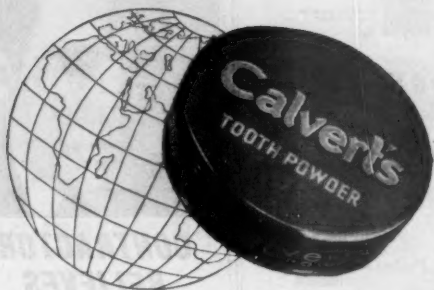
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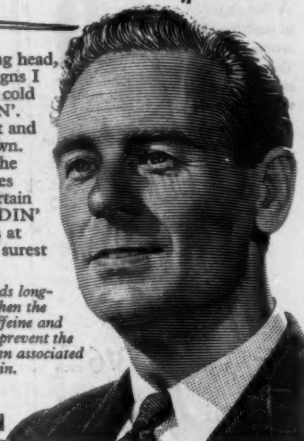
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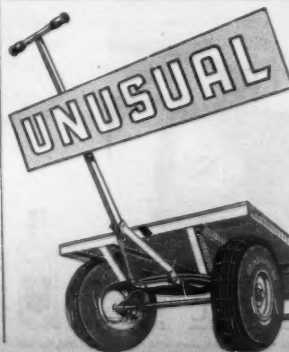


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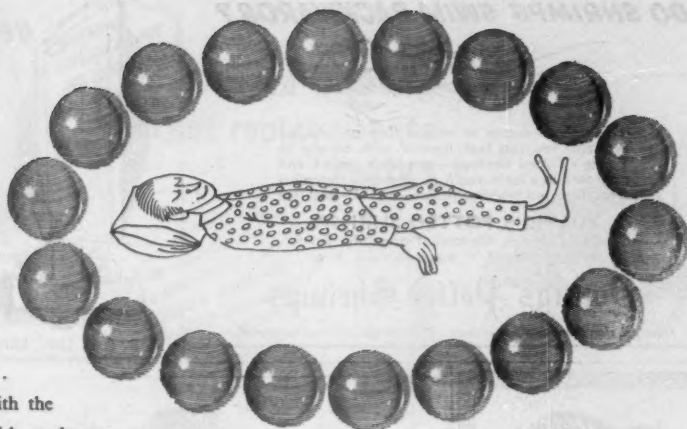


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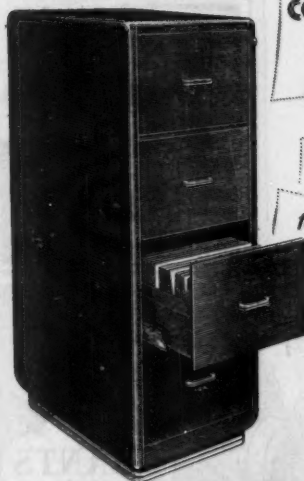
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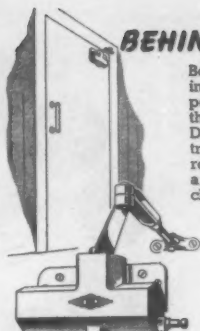
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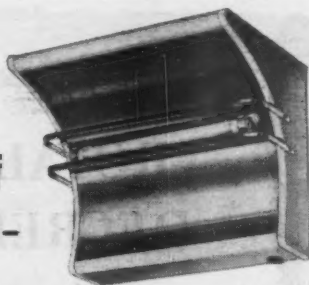
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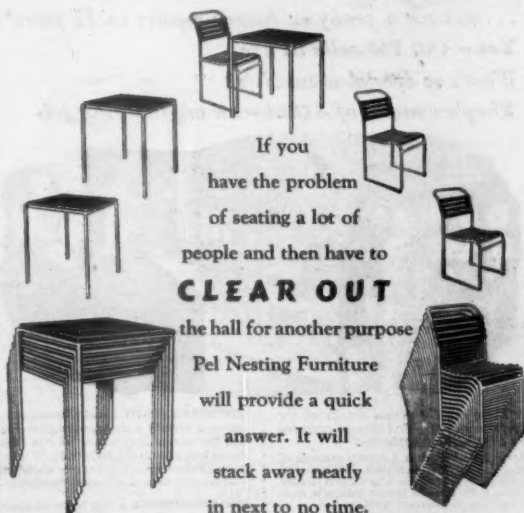
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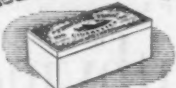
One day, while strolling with a friend, Brummell encountered the Prince Regent. The Prince, whose disapproval he had recently incurred, pointedly ignored the Beau. As his friend made his adieux Brummell turned to him.

In a loud, clear voice he spoke. "Who?", he enquired, "is your fat friend?"

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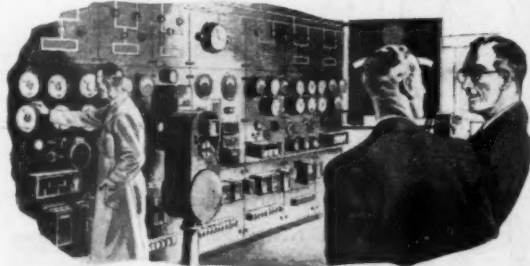
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(N.B. Nife Batteries are not yet available for private cars or domestic radio.)

M22A



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I wish I had
a Peltinrain Raincoat
like the chap on the
end of this lead!
most sincerely,

Rufus.



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Wellington's reply to Canning in 1817
when asked to become Prime Minister.

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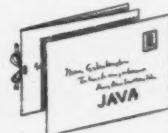
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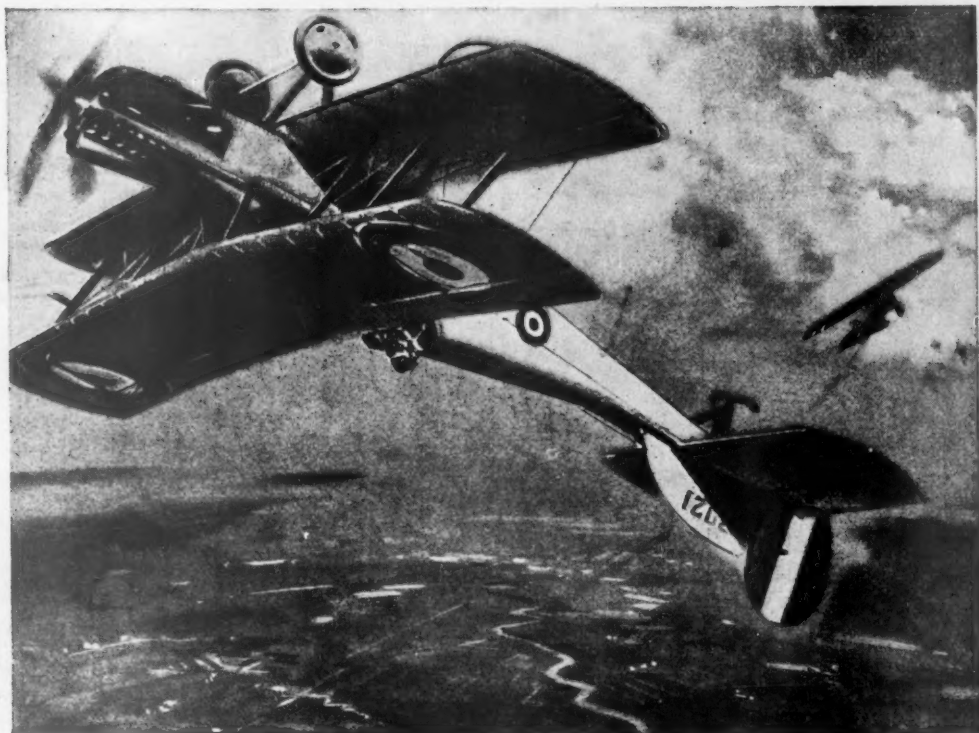


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